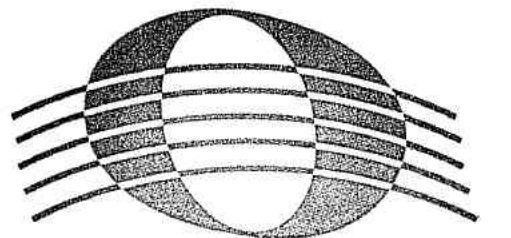


ISSUE

WORONI

ISSUE
APRIL 2007

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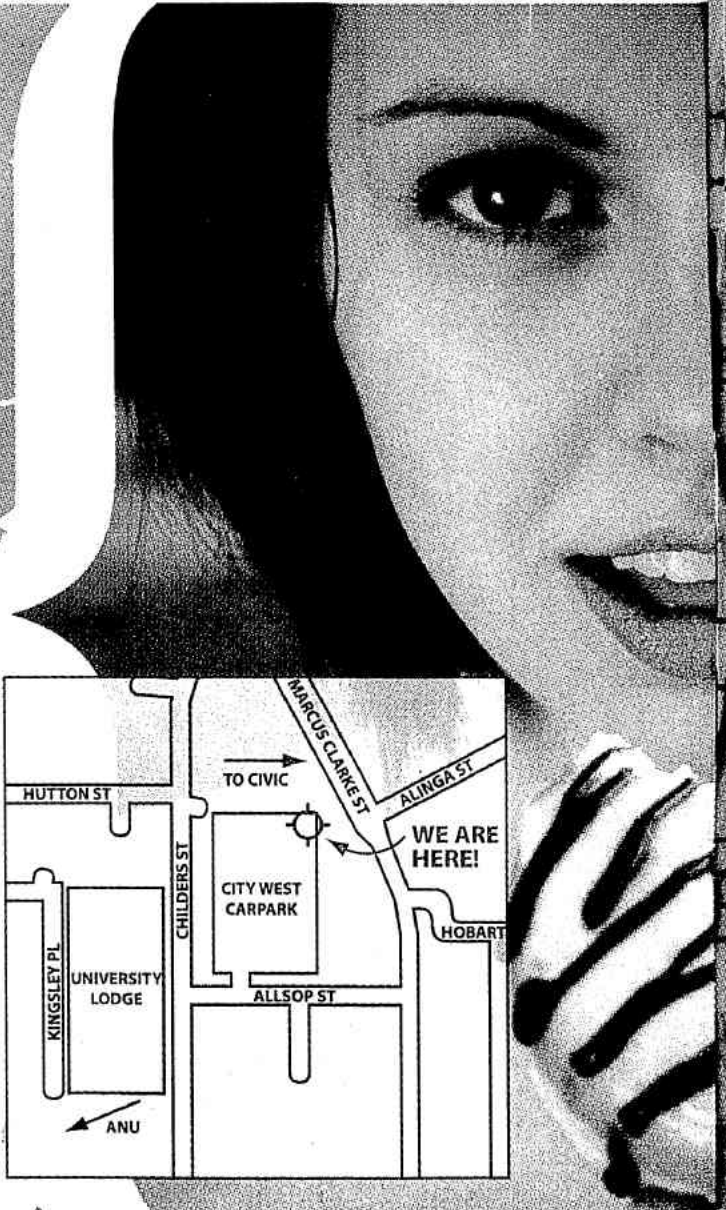
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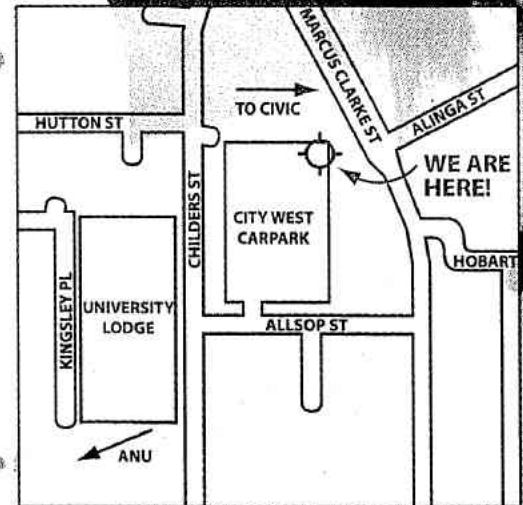


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What's On



Editoria

A new issue, a new picture, a new pair of glasses. What do you think? I'll be honest I've received mixed responses so far. It seems where one person sees an erudite student-editor another sees a four-eyed tool-face. But enough about my new look, we need to get talking about this issue.

It's the jobs issue. We thought we'd target the soon-to-be graduates out there and help them on their journeys to employment. So we've put together an issue full of advice, anecdotes and, most importantly, jobs – well ads for them at least. Good luck to you all – the university really appreciates all you've done for us.

For the rest of you, sorry to distract you from your carefree undergraduate days with all that crap – won't those old guys leave already? Lets talk about us. We uni-kids work more than ever these days: some of us in the Canberra sex industry. So we sent our most talented investigative journalist to shed some light on the whole genital-favours-for-cash scene. Like we said, we put our best investigative journalist on the case – but even we were impressed by her piece. You should definitely check it out (it's on p.22).

Something else you should check-out is the letters' page, which, after too long, makes its return to Woroni. We apologise for its omission in the earlier issues – but without letters we didn't think it would work so well. So, with that in mind, go and write us a letter. Thanks.

Send in your content for issue four by May 13

The deadline's only weeks away, so send in your letters, articles, gossip, news, satire, fiction and photos to Woroni@anu.edu.au. If you have any questions, or want to give us some feedback, send us an email or pop into our office in the Students' Association. Remember, write letters.

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Woroni is the official publication of the ANU students' Association. Opinions are not necessarily those of the editor or the ANUSA.

To contact us:
woroni@anu.edu.au

I hope that everyone enjoyed the Easter break, and either got a lot of productive study done or realised that study would never be done and instead had guilt-free fun!

ANUSA has taken a broader focus over the past month, working on out-of-university issues that affect student life.

The first issue we have been addressing is that of student poverty. A report was recently released from the Australian Vice-Chancellor's Committee which highlighted the difficult financial situation in which many students find themselves. A survey undertaken on 36 university campuses in 2006 found that since the year 2000 the conditions in which students live are less conducive to study. Those doing the worst financially were full-time undergraduate students, 40% of whom believed that employment was detracting from their ability to dedicate adequate time to their studies.

Following the release of this information, ANUSA has been focussed on creating a long-term media interest in student poverty. At a national level, the National Union of Students has been taking our suggestions and lobbying federal politicians for a change in Centrelink classifications and more financial support for full-time students.

ANUSA provides a welfare officer to give students free-of-charge advice, assistance with Centrelink, or even emergency loans. If you are suffering from financial strain, please come and see Bronwyn or any of our ANUSA representatives.

Secondly, we have been working on a submission to the ACT government about transport. Our Environment Officer, Simon Copland, has been heading a taskforce of students who are writing a proposal to the ACT government about sustainable transport solutions that suit student needs. If you are interested in this project or have any suggestions, please get in touch with me.

At a university level, we have been discussing new methods of improving teaching quality. An idea that has been trialled in some areas of the College of Science involves PhD students running a focus group with a class in the middle of a semester and then reporting back to the lecturer in relation to aspects of that lecturer's teaching style, course or assessment that students with like or want changed. If you have any other ideas for improving the quality of our lecturers, or mechanisms by which we can provide anonymous feedback that will gain a response, please get in touch with me and share your thoughts!

Finally, the inevitable plug...

The Last Lecture is an event which will be held on 25 October 2007, the last Thursday of the Academic year. The Last Lecture involves a lecturer (chosen by students as the best lecturer in the university) preparing and presenting a 30-minute lecture on a topic of his or her choice. Those who went along last year will testify to the quality of this event: the strength of the lecture, the vibe of the crowd and the tasty refreshments accompanying the event!

While The Last Lecture may not be happening for a while, you will soon be able to vote for your favourite lecturer.

Our website "<http://sa.anu.edu.au>" "<http://sa.anu.edu.au>" will have a link to enable you to vote. Please get out there and show your favourite lecturer your appreciation by giving him / her a vote!

WORONI NEWS

LSSJ-YEW BEEF ESCALATES

The beef between Lew Kuan Yew and the ANU campus group Law Students for Social Justice (LSSJ) has escalated this month after the group protested outside University House to show their opposition to the former Singaporean Prime Minister's honorary Doctorate in Law.

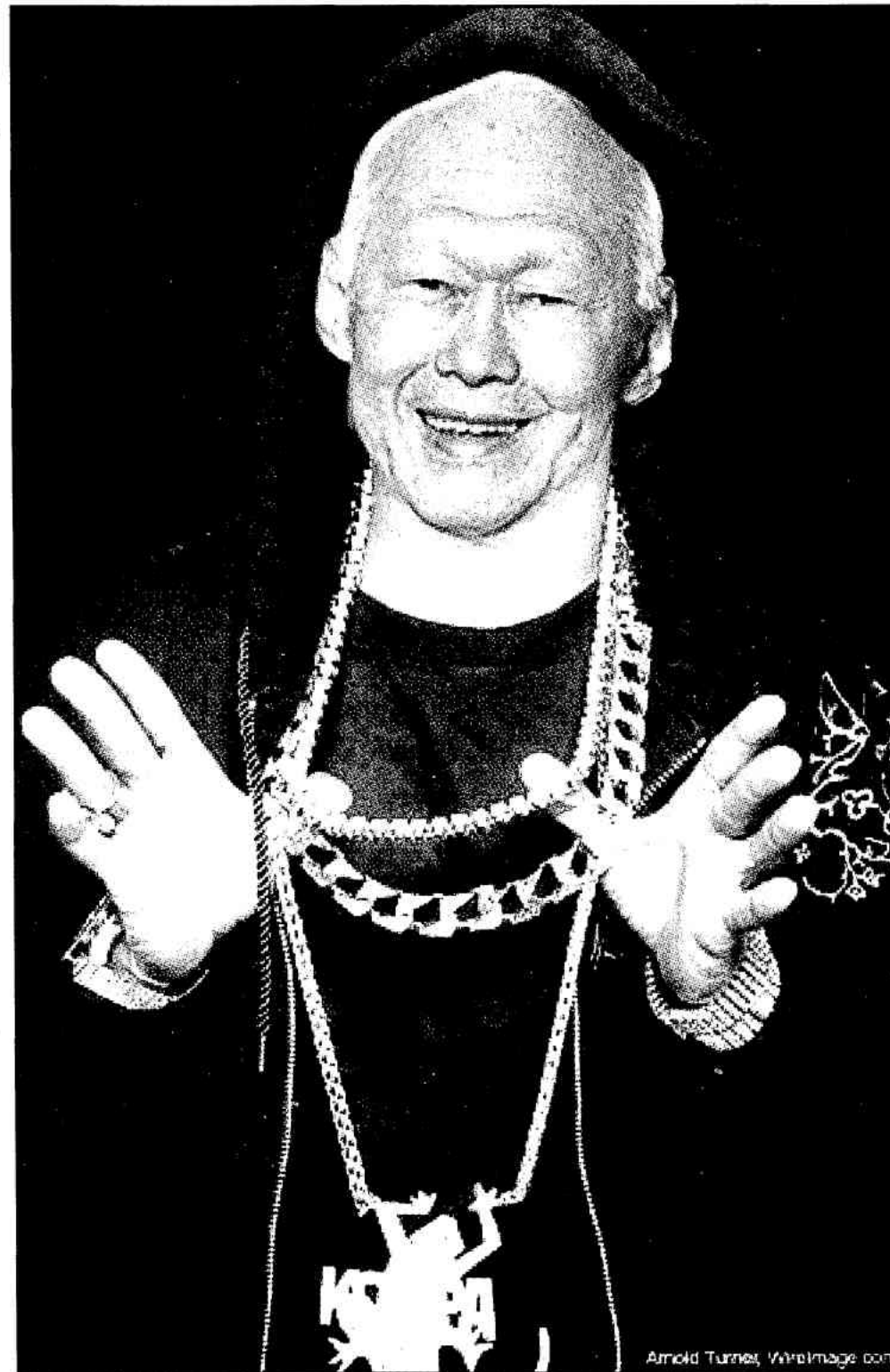
Mr Lee laughed off the protest and the storm of criticism that has greeted the Australian National University's decision to award him with an honorary Doctorate in Law. "Despite their protest, I've still got the cheddar," the unruffled hard-man said after the ceremony. "They can suck my honorary balls."

Mr Lee, who at 83 remains Minister Mentor in the Singaporean Government run by his son Lee Hsien Loong, said he was "quite accustomed to hostile groups". He told assembled journalists, "I ain't scared. I roll twenty deep."

Revealing a softer side, Mr Lee was conciliatory about past comments in which he warned Australia would become a "white trash" nation, "Look, I said some things, you said some things. Let's just move on."

For the Law Students for Social Justice's opinions on the doctorate you would have turned to page 13 - but, for all their promises, nothing came in. We're not saying they're

a bunch of lazy, feel-good pinkos: more interested in their glamorous student protests than engaging with their fellow students... actually, we kind of are - weak effort guys.



YEW TAUNTED LSSJ PROTESTERS, "I'VE STILL GOT THE CHEDDAR, FOOLS!"

SOLAR PANELS ON THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Students' Association has decided to run its campus office building on solar power to reduce its carbon footprint. Campus scientists say the technology is ready to install, but the students will have to raise \$100,000 to fund the project.

The Association's environment officer, Simon Copland, said it was a daunting sum but the principle of reducing greenhouse gas emissions was critical for young people, who faced a lifetime of climate change. Using solar energy to power the Union Court building would showcase the latest technology, some of which was being researched at the ANU.

Mr Copland said the cost of solar power was an indictment

on the Federal Government, which had underfunded the renewable energy sector to the point that installing solar power was "prohibitively expensive".

For more from Simon Copland's on the solar project, see p.15.

FORMER WORONI LAYOUT- GUY LASHES OUT AT NEW PROJECT

In a scathing letter to the Canberra Times, former Woroni layout-guy, Anthony Mannering, lashed out at the students behind the drive to run the Students' Association by solar power.



Mannering remarked that the move "comes as no surprise. After all, the cause is trendy, irrelevant to students ... and very, very expensive."

He argued that the project vindicates voluntary student unionism: "The association has to get support from students and others before it spends the money. Under compulsory unionism, the students' association would have received \$1 million in fees from students. \$100,000 on another scheme driven by a small clique of ideologically driven students would have passed all but unnoticed. Thank goodness the ANU's students can now choose whether to fund this white elephant."

Another notable letter in the broadsheet that day was, 'Angry ducks make for a frightening Fadden pond' by Denise Benson, 62, in which the elderly Fadden resident lamented the increase in amphibious-bird attacks in northeast Tuggeranong.



DEAR WORONI

Call us old fashioned, but we just love mail. You should send us some. Maybe you could write about some of this issue's articles or some campus goings-on. Send your stuff to woroni@anu.edu.au

A Few Thoughts

Just a thought for the Union, struggling as it evidently is, on account of all the specials, to get people to sign up for loyalty cards: the plastic gloves that your staff wear are intended to prevent the spread of germs to the customer's food when they handle it. The customer who has their food rubbed with currency, and their currency rubbed with food, is not one likely to feel particularly loyal. (All due respect to the cleanliness of the average currency handling Australian).

~~~  
I've often wondered, in a haze of self-gratitude, if I could make a bit of cash on the side selling my academic skills to students. So when

I saw a post on the ANU billboard titled "Proofreading and Academic Services", I had to click and see what was the go. The posting reads:

"Hi all,  
I am offering to proofread (includes checking for correct spelling, punctuation marks, grammar correctness, appropriateness of word usage) your papers for \$1 per page. I am also offering to help you in assisting with your essays/ critical reviews as far as the logical and organizational aspect of its expression (otherwise known as academic skills) is concerned. I am keen to assist with essays etc both for appreciation sake as well as for money's sake."

Seeing as each point of sale is contradicted in the ad itself, a punchline hardly seems necessary. And doesn't this grand university provide these services anyway, and what's more, for FREE? Stooogecore!

Tom Swann

*Ed- Why yes they do Tom. That is indeed, Stooogecore! As for the money handling - I think it gives the food a pleasant flinty taste.*

## The Storm

If there's one thing I hate its dickpots whinging about extreme weather events: so after reading your last issue this letter was always going to happen. The weather had 'been close tropical' with hot days and wet nights: 'surely this should have been a wakeup call to the University administration,' wrote Benjamin Pynt in 'Wake up, ANU'. Dude, are you for real - who the saw that shit coming? That hailstorm was mad-crazy. It surprised everyone, Ian Chubb included. Don't be a dickpot.

James

*Ed- I never heard dickpot before. It's very effective.*



## Mobile Phones in Libraries?

**I don't think so...**

The Library is just like a lecture: turn your phone to silent and go outside to answer it.





AND COLLEGES ARE NORMALLY SURPRISINGLY DOWN TO EARTH, ACCEPTING AND NOT TOO CLIQUEY. BUT IT SEEMS THAT EVERY POSSIBLE STEREOTYPE FROM CHAUVINISTIC TO ELITIST TO SEXIST COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET FOR IB.

# WAR HEROES?

The Hairy-Legged College Snitch on Inward Bound

The top division men (for they invariably are men) line up, tall and assured before they make their communities proud. Their women (for a lot of these buff men have blond women) stand by them, gazing occasionally into our hero's eyes. Later in the week those without women will probably find them in various college bars, for at least a night anyway (hour of power, anyone?).

Everyone wishes them well, tells them that they'll be fine and that we will see them soon. I have the impression that they are going off to war. They seem much more focused than I have ever seen them before any exam, drinking competition, or indeed, (and more importantly) any other sporting event.

Yes, it is IB time again and I'm watching our heroes depart somewhat sceptically. In fact some people in most colleges will watch them leave every hour for the next seven hours. I won't, which will be considered awfully unpatriotic and somewhat boring.

I have no problem with a bit of collegiate pride, but IB just takes it too far. For the weeks leading up to it, people run four, five times a week and it takes precedence over everything. Common rooms are decorated, count down signs are put up and the polite small talk changes from what who did what last night, or who is going to do what tonight, to who is running which division. Yawn.

ANU colleges are normally surprisingly (well, compared to Sydney and Melbourne ones anyway) down to earth, accepting and not too cliquey. But it seems that every possible stereotype from chauvinistic to elitist to sexist comes out of the closet for IB.

Most concerning is the prevailing sexism behind this event. No college had more than ten female runners and the winning college, Burton and Garran Hall, had the minimum number possible, three.

IB organisers can argue that they have so few women not because of discrimination or an intimidating blokey attitude that surrounds the event, but because women just don't want to do it. But why is it that women don't want to do it?

Is it the machoism, the butt slapping or is it the fact that the perceived role of IB women is not to run the event but to organise the end point festivities and wave the boys goodbye?

In any case, I'm sick of IB and its machoism, cliquiness and collegiate crap. Especially given that in the ridiculous amount of kilometres run in the middle of the night no one this year was hurt- how boring. Maybe though people were hurt later in the week at various clubs, when various proud, admired men hit on young blond girls; but, although this is far more messy, it is never as exciting as broken legs.

*If you would like to be a college snitch, hairy-legged or otherwise, send your stuff to [woroni@anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni@anu.edu.au)*

WORONI

By Anna Morozow

The alternate prime minister has been accused of supping with the devil, the current PM is found to have lunched with a (now jailed) porn king and not one, not two, but three members of parliament have already resigned from the frontbench for improper behaviour. Politics hasn't been this exciting in years.

With the federal election due sometime late this year, both the major parties entered the parliamentary sitting year with their gloves off, in full campaign gear, eager to score as many political points as possible and knock out whomever possible. The battle being waged between the two major parties thus far has been over morals, ethics and accountability. Private and public lives have been scrutinised revealing scandal upon scandal, manufactured and legitimate. And the death toll is already high.

Three frontbenchers have fallen from grace and resigned from their ministries - one resigning from Parliament altogether. Things started to get ugly when the Government, keen to discredit the most popular Labor leader in 20 years, Kevin Rudd, launched a vigorous smear campaign against him. It was revealed that Rudd had met with the disgraced former WA premier, Brian Burke, on three occasions in 2005. The Government screamed bloody murder, calling for Rudd's head to fall. Treasurer Peter Costello wailed about it, claiming anyone who had contact with Burke was morally compromised, and Health Minister Tony Abbott went just that little bit further by claiming Rudd had 'supped with the devil'. But the Government fell victim to their own standards of accountability when it was revealed that one of their own had met with said Devil.

Environment Minister Ian Campbell revealed that he had met with Burke last year, who was working as a lobbyist. A 20-minute meeting was enough to force Campbell to fall on his sword and resign from his ministry. The truth is, Burke's tentacles are far reaching, and few political veterans (particularly those from WA) haven't had some sort of contact with him. But the dirt digging and mud slinging campaign continued with more stories of 'compromised' ministerial activity. Shadow Attorney-General Kelvin Thomson bowed out of his front-bench position after admitting that he had written a reference for drug lord Tony Mokbel. Then there was story of Minister for Ageing, Senator Santo Santoro, who created a storm of controversy, and even dragged the PM into the mess, after failing to disclose some 72

# THE DEVILS THEY DINE WITH.



share trades to the Senate. The icing on the cake, however, was when Howard was outed as having attended a fundraising lunch where porn mogul Scott Phillips was present - who by the way is now in jail for torture and grievous bodily harm.

While such scandals may be titillating to the political junkie, the public does not seem interested. The Government's hammering away at Rudd's character doesn't seem to have made a dent (if polls are anything to rely on), with Labor coming out on top after those ugly few weeks.

At the dirtiest point of the mud fight Rudd was well ahead of Howard 45-38% in terms of preferred PM ratings. Most recent Newspoll figures show he's gained even more ground (48-38%). In two party preferred terms Labor has been well ahead of the Coalition since December last year (which was when Rudd took the helm) and currently Labor stands to win by a landslide: 57-43%. Inflated figures perhaps, but clearly, the Government has cause for concern.

There has been less of a battle over policy. That is to say, neither side has produced much yet in terms of what they're offering if they win the next election. Labor will be holding their National Conference at the end of the month, where they will formalise their policy platform. They have however already promised to reverse the controversial WorkChoices legislation which came into effect last year. There was also the soft and fuzzy announcement of a \$4 billion commitment to upgrade our prehistoric broadband network, by dipping into the Future Fund. A crowd pleaser, but it does give fodder to the Government's incessant complaint about Labor's economic mismanagement.

The Liberals are keeping fairly quiet for the moment, but expect them to come out with the big guns come Budget time in May. On the big issues, however, like the environment, economy, health and education, as usual, there's not much difference between the two parties - and it's likely to be a matter of the lesser of two evils.

Bare in mind, the election is still months away, and the real campaigning and vying for votes is yet to begin. As we come closer to crunch time, our pious polities will do more to differentiate themselves from their opponents, and who knows, we may actually have a real contest on our hands.

Any thoughts on how things are playing out federally? Send them to [woroni@anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni@anu.edu.au)

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# MAKE POVERTY HISTORY ZEROSEVEN

This is the story of how you can change the world in 07. 1000 youth ambassadors around the country are taking the Make Poverty History message to our nation's leaders through a road trip from July 1 to July 8. I know what you're thinking, a week to change the world, another do-gooder strategy to give a soulless leadership a soul, or even worse, to give some party an election-worthy platform. The thing is, I'm sure that people responded to anti-slavery campaigns with exactly the same disbelief and apathy. We can no longer pretend to be ignorant of those enslaved in poverty, they are on our television screens and in our newspapers and by doing nothing we are condoning the slavery of modern times. There will be an end to extreme poverty; the question is are you going to make it happen?

## What is the ZeroSeven Road Trip?

Almost one million Australians already wear the white band and the movement for change is growing. Building on the success of the massive Make Poverty History Concert in Melbourne last year in which we saw how much energy there was among young people to end poverty, this year, we're going on the road.

The ZeroSeven Road Trip is a Make Poverty History initiative, which is being jointly coordinated by the Oaktree Foundation and the Reach Foundation. The ZeroSeven Road Trip asks our government to bring their foreign aid up to the 0.7% of their GNI, which they committed to under the Millennium Development Goals in September 2000. At the moment, the Australian Government only contributes 0.3% of its GNI to foreign aid, which places us 19th out of 22 OECD countries. On the way, our youth ambassadors will have the chance to experience MPH forums, other campaign activi-

ties and secret shows from Australia's leading artists. The Road Trip culminates with a youth convergence in Sydney on 07.07.07, which is the midway point on the road to the end-date for the achievement of the Millennium Development Goals in 2015. The 7th of July is the Global Coalition Against Poverty International Day of Action Against Poverty. We'll be selecting and training 100 youth ambassadors from the ACT to go on the Road Trip. The Road Trip ambassadors will be leaving from every state including the ACT from July 1 to July 8 and will aim to bring the Make Poverty History message to marginal electorates around the country.

## What are the Millennium Development Goals?

The Millennium Development Goals are an 8-point plan to end poverty agreed to by world leaders in September 2000. For more info check out <http://www.un.org/millenniumgoals/>

Still don't get what's so special about ZEROSEVEN?

Okay, so I'm just as cynical as the rest of you about politicians who make a hundred promises about a million things and fail to honour a single one. However, this is different. Seven years ago the world made a promise through the Millennium Development Goals to end poverty. The plan is there and now is the time. For the first time in history we have what it takes to Make Poverty History. As young people we have to demand of our nation's leaders that they live up to that promise. So if you're passionate about issues of poverty and up to being on the road with some young Australian leaders set to change the course of history, apply to become a ZeroSeven ambassador.

For application forms and more information, check out our website at [www.zeroseven.org](http://www.zeroseven.org).



WE SHOULD  
TALK

HOW A BLISSFULLY  
informed DEBATE  
DEMYSTIFIED Islam

By Rob Lancaster

Prejudices people hold in relation to contentious social issues affect the dynamic of society and set the social trajectory of a country. And yet so many subjects are slave to superficial media treatment, sweeping political rhetoric and insidious spin. But maybe it's all swings and roundabouts. Maybe education and accurate information is simply a long route to the same conclusion on a given issue. Maybe people are able to cut through to a rational assessment even in the absence of all the facts. Or maybe not. When ignorance is redressed and people are exposed to informed debate, opinions change.

Over the weekend of March 3-4, a representative sample of 340 Australians converged on Old Parliament House to take part in a deliberative poll. Deliberative polling, as the name suggests, is a process that examines how the public respond when exposed to informed debate on a question and given the chance to deliberate with their peers. This conference, organised by Issues Deliberation Australia, a non-partisan, non-political thinktank, focused on the issue of Muslims and non-Muslims in Australia. In order to give the perspectives of everyday Muslims, the 340 delegates were joined by 40 Muslim-Australians, drawn from focus groups conducted before the conference.

In what was a fairly tightly controlled social experiment, delegates were divided into 26 groups, only half of which included Muslim-Australians. In each of the four plenary sessions, group representatives were given an opportunity to ask the respective panels the questions they had formulated in the course of their group discussions. Far from being a propaganda project to encourage acceptance of Muslims, the delegates were exposed to the full spectrum of views. Panelists included Muslim

scholars, academics, Christians, social commentators, journalists, psychologists, lawyers, and a politician. Federal government representation was conspicuous by its absence.

There were well-considered and sound offerings from various sides of the debate. Some, however, were clearly more adept than others at effectively presenting their message. Denis McCormack, co-founder of Australians Against Further Immigration Party, offered the gathering a master-class in alienation, as he unfurled a Union Jack and lamented the policy of multiculturalism by which Australia had become 'sodden'. Pauline Hanson would have been proud. By contrast, Sheik Mohammed Omran, of the Islamic Information and Support Centre of Australia, increasingly endeared himself to the audience. 'Who needs to change?' was the question from one group - 'Everyone', replied the Sheik. This succinctness marked a departure from his initially verbose and rambling responses, a point not lost on the chair of the session, Bob Hawke, who chimed in: 'he's changed!' There was laughter all round, not least of all from the Sheik. And therein lay another answer to some delegates' initial concerns - in light of incidents such as the Danish political cartoons, do Muslims have a sense of humour? Clearly they do.

The process drew criticism from certain quarters for superficial treatment of some questions by the panelists. Janet Albrechtsen, commentator with The Australian and herself a panelist at the conference, was quick to lambaste the whole process, labelling it a 'talk fest' and a 'con job' ("Group hugs can be dangerous" - The Australian blog, 7/3). However, those privy to the smaller group discussions can testify to the vigour of their debate and the way in which issues were broached with no mincing of words. And indeed Mike Steketee, national affairs editor with The Australian, who had also been present throughout the weekend, politely rejected Albrechtsen's assessment ("Facts and figures punch holes in the fear of veils" - The Australian, 8/3). It is only unfortunate that (more or less) educated individuals such as Albrechtsen seek to manipulate the truth and fuel the fire of intolerance with their emotive diatribe.

The Muslim population in Australia is unquestionably growing, but the poll certainly put the picture in its proper

DENIS MCCORMACK, CO-FOUNDER  
OF AUSTRALIANS AGAINST  
FURTHER IMMIGRATION PARTY,  
OFFERED THE GATHERING A  
MASTER-CLASS IN ALIENATION

21

perspective for many delegates. A noteworthy element of the research indicated that Australians overestimate the number of Muslims in Australia (the answer is 1.5 per cent), with only 30 per cent responding correctly before the weekend, this rising to 95 per cent after the poll. Asked what would happen if the figure were to rise to 5 per cent, Waleed Aly, director of the Islamic Council of Victoria, began by saying 'I think life will go on', then adding as an afterthought, 'There'll probably be more kebab shops. And this seemed to be the sentiment reflected amongst the vast majority of participants in the wake of the poll - Yes, there is a small minority that causes trouble, as there is a minority in every group that causes trouble, but ultimately there is nothing inherent in Islam that warrants our mistrust or fear. We are all human beings. Perhaps slightly trite, but indisputably true.

In relation to other significant questions, before the weekend 35

per cent of delegates considered Muslims to be a threat to the Australian way of life. This figure fell to 22 per cent by the end of the poll. Initially, 49 per cent felt that the incompatibility of Muslim and non-Muslim values was a significant contributor to terrorism, whilst only 22 per cent maintained that view after the weekend.

The problem of international terrorism (Islamic or otherwise) remains and cannot be ignored. But there is also a broader problem of understanding across cultural and religious divides and, whilst a group hug will only achieve so much, the value in dialogue ought not be underestimated. Dr Eboo Patel, founder and executive director of the Interfaith Youth Core, insists that, although some may not like it, pluralism is here and it's here to stay. 'The question is: what are we going to do about it?' The results of this deliberative poll seem to encourage one initial step - be informed.

AGING POPULATION

OBESITY

CANCER SCREENING

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In our Graduate Development Program you'll have a direct, everyday impact on the community- this could be through working on AIDS Awareness, Obesity, Tough on Drugs, Cancer Screening, Immunisation, Pharmaceuticals, Aged Care and Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Health. The sort of stuff people are talking about you'd actually be working on.

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For further information about graduate program look under 'Jobs' at: [www.health.gov.au](http://www.health.gov.au)



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# RENEWABLES THE NEW BLACK

By Simon Copland

As a climate change campaigner, I am often confronted with the argument that we are helpless to address climate change because renewable energies can never replace coal as a base load energy provider. So, this summer I took a holiday to the land of research, returning with a light tan and a bag full of goodies to share.

The results I've been finding suggest over and over again that in fact renewables can provide the baseload energy supply required to sustain an amenable living standard, given an appropriate level of funding. Investment into solar and wind technologies is key, and here at the ANUSA Environment Collective we're putting money where our mouths are.

### Solar Energy

With continuing research, solar photovoltaic cells are proving their capacity to provide large scale, base load electricity. Admittedly, there are issues regarding the difficulty and expense of storing energy while solar panels are non-operational. However, solar retains the capacity to provide base load energy during the daytime, and perhaps most importantly during the peak, early morning period.

While the science is encouraging, the cost of solar photovoltaic cells is a major hurdle for the solar industry and those consumers who want to minimise their emissions impact. Thankfully, recent ANU research has begun to make dents into this cost issue. Researchers Andrew Blakers, Klaus Weber and Vernie Everett have developed a new photovoltaic cell that uses one-tenth the amount of expensive hyper pure silicon compared with conventional cells and therefore will provide cheaper energy when fully commercial. Although these cells still suffer from the storage problem, it is possible for them to produce enough energy to provide for day periods, including the peak morning period. In fact, it has been predicted that these and other forms of solar cells could be producing 50% of the worlds energy needs by 2040, if enough money is invested into them.

### Wind

Wind power technology has been charged with being

able to provide only an intermittent source of energy, due to variables in wind and the small amount of energy one wind turbine can produce. True, one wind turbine cannot produce a base load energy supply; however this is different when a number of wind turbines are put together. A number of factors combined allow wind to provide true base load power. Firstly, once a windy site is found, the site itself is likely to experience very little variance in wind. Secondly, the dispersal of wind turbines allows secondary sites to pick up the slack if there is variation. In the instance wind drops below production levels, a small peak load power plant (i.e. a gas plant) can provide a backup power supply.

With solar and wind technologies, we have the ability to provide a sizeable proportion of base load power for current and future energy demands. Further technologies such as bio-energy, hot rock geothermal energy, tidal energy and solar thermal energy can also be added into the mix, for variety is the spice of life. The kicker is funding, or to be more precise, lack of funding.

The issue is not the actual expense of funding renewable energy technologies. Nor is it a total lack of money. The prediction that only 2% of the annual global military budget would be required to fund solar photovoltaic cells to provide global base load power gives a sense of perspective to this issue.

The issue here is the increasingly familiar story of powerful lobby-groups sitting behind the coal, oil and nuclear industries agitating against funding renewable energy technology. But wait! I hear the sirens sound! Why should the taxpayer prop up industry? While that is a question beyond the scope of this article, let it be noted that the Commonwealth Government is currently sinking \$500 million into the coal and petrochemical industry crutch that is geosequestration technology. As Australians, we already are paying to prop up industry; hopefully in future we can get real about where we want our money to go. What we can't afford is the failure to protect the future of our planet by investing in ecologically sustainable technologies.

### ANUSA and the solar world

A number of members of the ANUSA Environment

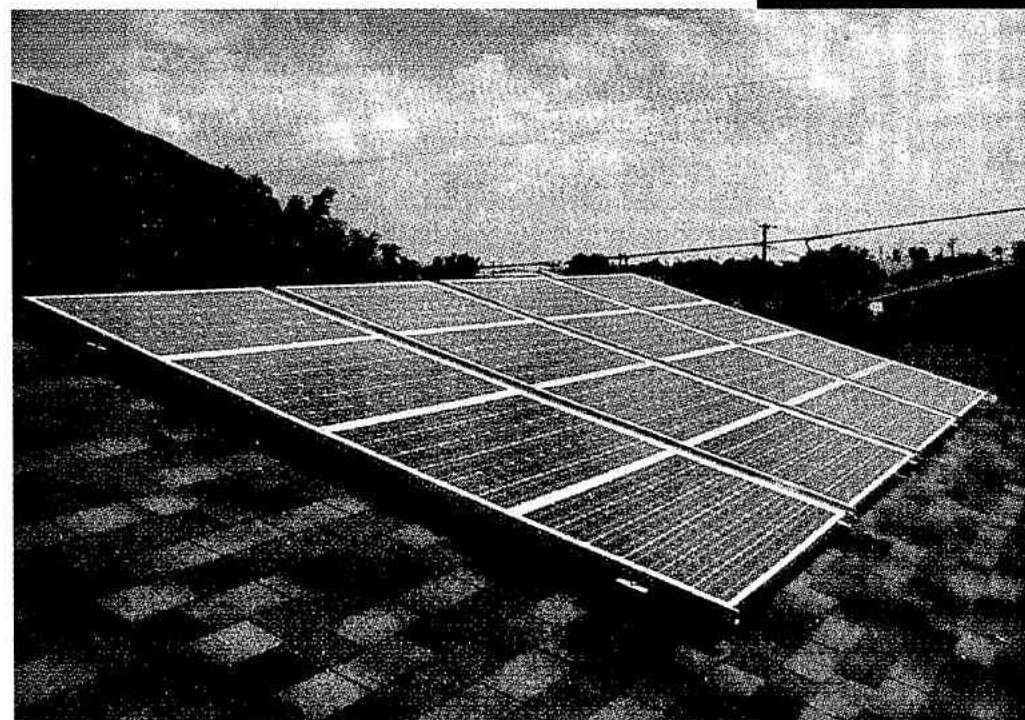
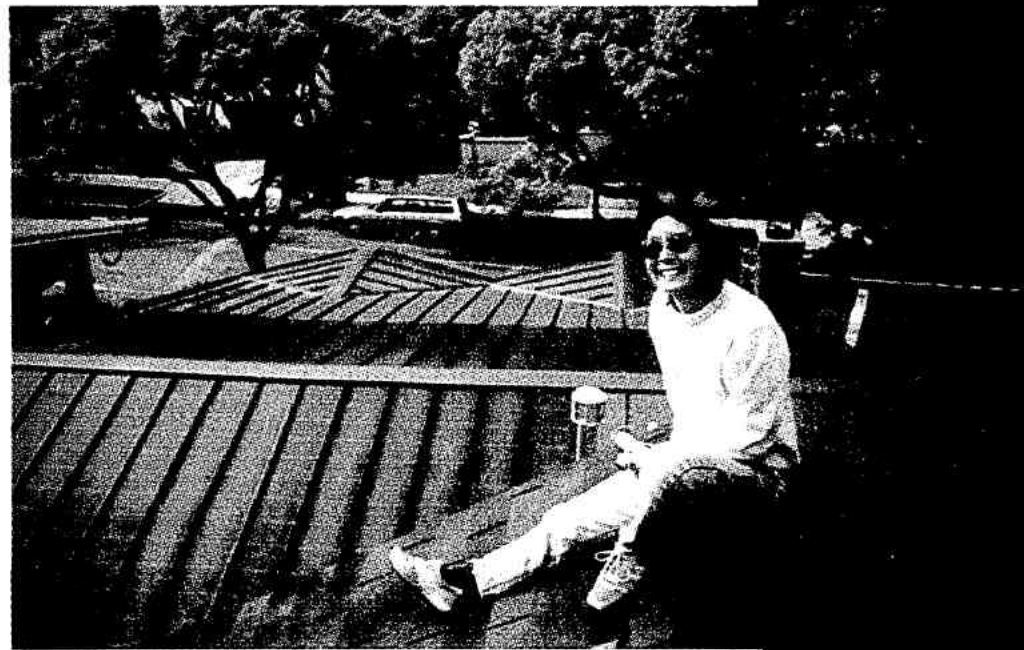
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Collective, including myself, are sick of the lack of investment being provided to renewable energies. Therefore, we are speaking out! We have launched the Solar Panel Challenge (SPC), a project undertaken by the ANUSA Environment Collective in collaboration with ANUSA. The aim is to raise money to have solar panels installed on the ANUSA building to create a carbon neutral office. The estimated cost of this project has been put at \$100,000.

Why are we doing this? Firstly, we want to reduce ANUSA's environmental impact. Perhaps more importantly, we want to use this project to prove that renewable energies can provide enough power to make a difference to climate change. Thirdly, we are targeting those who are holding the renewable world back by calling for decent funding for renewable energy sources. We believe the fact that we have to pay \$100,000 for these panels is proof that not enough money is going into this industry. We are aiming at the Australian government and their complete inaction on this most pressing issue, but also will be focusing on those large companies that continue to pollute without concern and calling for greater action on climate change. We believe the solar panels will provide a great display of what is possible in the renewable world and show that there is an answer out there for climate change.

Lastly, we are doing this because we know, that as the youth of this world, we will be the ones that will suffer the greater consequences of climate change and we believe that it is disgusting that our futures are being put at risk, just to ensure that the back pockets of big business are kept full.

Simon Copland is the SA Environment Officer. What are your thoughts on his \$100,000 project? Send them to [woroni@anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni@anu.edu.au)



**Charlie Waterford vs. Lorenzo White**

It seems every few months a student poverty story will pop up on the 7:30 Report. These shows are like obesity specials on Today Tonight - you're sure you've seen it all before and the kids are all really ugly. The gist is always the same; Australian students have to work 30-hour weeks juggling (they love this verb) two or three jobs just to pay the rent on their dilapidated, rat-infested houses, and to afford the sacks of plain rice they live off. We hear about escalating textbook prices and course fees, as well as the inevitable comparison with the conditions that today's politicians enjoyed back in carefree the 60's and 70's. The broadsheets love these stories too - you might have seen a recent story in the Canberra Times featuring ANU's own Lorenzo White (pictured). Well, so what? We Australian university students have it pretty tough, don't we? Well, I'm not so sure. Let's have a look at Lorenzo's complaints, and I'll show you why.

In his first year at uni Lorenzo worked too much (25 hours a week) and as a result failed some exams. At the moment, he doesn't qualify for Youth Allowance or Austudy; and, as he now works fewer hours to redress his first year's academic problems, he can't afford to buy his organic chemistry textbook without his mum's help. Finally, and this really shook me up, he has to ride a bicycle. It sure is a grim picture: all tears and hardship; but whose fault is it that Lorenzo can't balance work and study? Well, Lorenzo's.

You can criticise Federal government higher education policy on all sorts of fronts - the decline in public funding per student since the mid 70s would seem a good place to start. This decline has made universities increasingly dependent on corporate funding and fees from overseas students; and, most damning of all, it has continued during more than a decade of unprecedented prosperity and mammoth budget surpluses. So yeah, there are definitely problems to get angry about. But something they have provided quite well is financial assistance to students, like Lorenzo, who would otherwise struggle to balance work and study.

Unlike in many other comparable countries, in Australia, that bastion of egalitarianism, every student can receive welfare in the form of Youth Allowance. Some people qualify for it automatically, but for the rest of us we need to have "been out of school at least 18 months and earned an amount equivalent to 75 per cent of the National Training Wage Award Rate in an 18 month period", as the Centrelink website tells us; or, as I like to tell Lorenzo, "You've just got to earn \$18,525,

buddy".

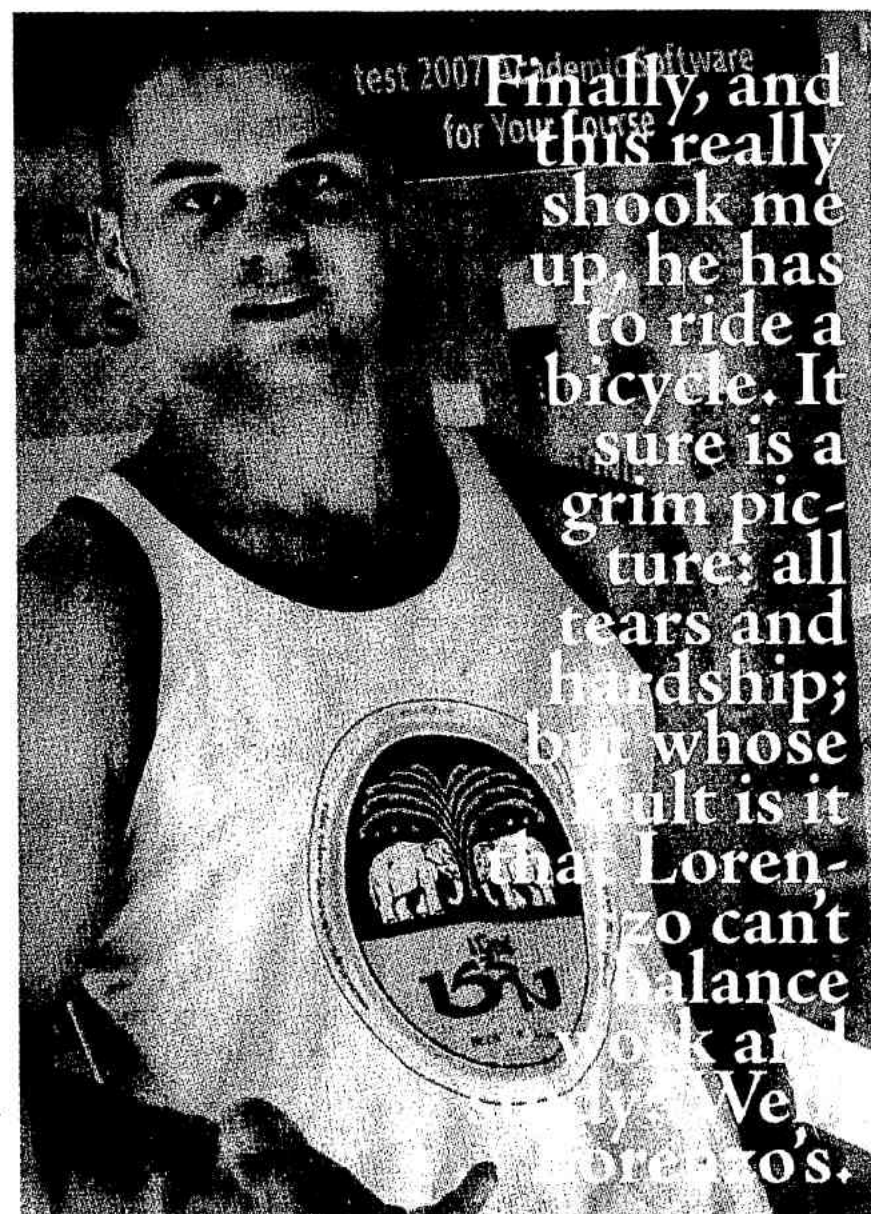
At this point, let me throw a few sums about. Lorenzo worked 25 hours a week last year. Let's say he only did this for 30 weeks (just over half the year- it can take some time to find a job, and a kid needs a holiday), and let's say he was getting \$15 an hour (not the best wage, but you take what you can). On this conservative estimate, Lorenzo would have earned something like \$11,000 last year - so he only needs to earn another \$7,525 to qualify.

Is it that unreasonable to ask him to take a semester off to earn this? As an '18 and over, at home' recipient there would be \$229.10 a fortnight in it for him if he did. And he would be able to earn up to \$236 a fortnight on top of this and still receive his full payments - that's a total income of \$465.10 a fortnight if he works a 15-hour week. Not bad; but will he listen?

Australian students today sure do get down about their lot in life. They're bummed about rising HECS fees, worsening student-to-teacher ratios, and the rubbish bands that headline their O-week band-night. But, and you can call me Crazy Charlie for this, I just can't get that upset for those, like Lorenzo, who make things more difficult for themselves. If you are really struggling to balance your work and study, and you don't yet have Youth Allowance, defer, earn that \$18,525, and come back with your wallet bulging with benefits.

Lorenzo, you could have it so much better...

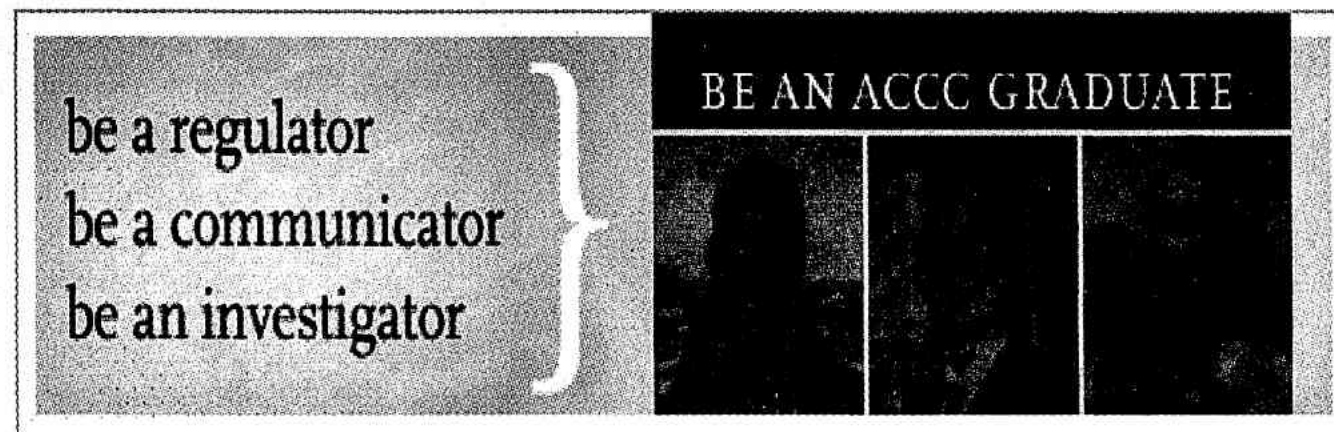
*Charlie Waterford lives with his parents, receives independent Youth Allowance benefits, and is thankful for every state-given penny. If you think he's a knob, or just wrong, tell us why? Send explanations to [woroni@anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni@anu.edu.au)*



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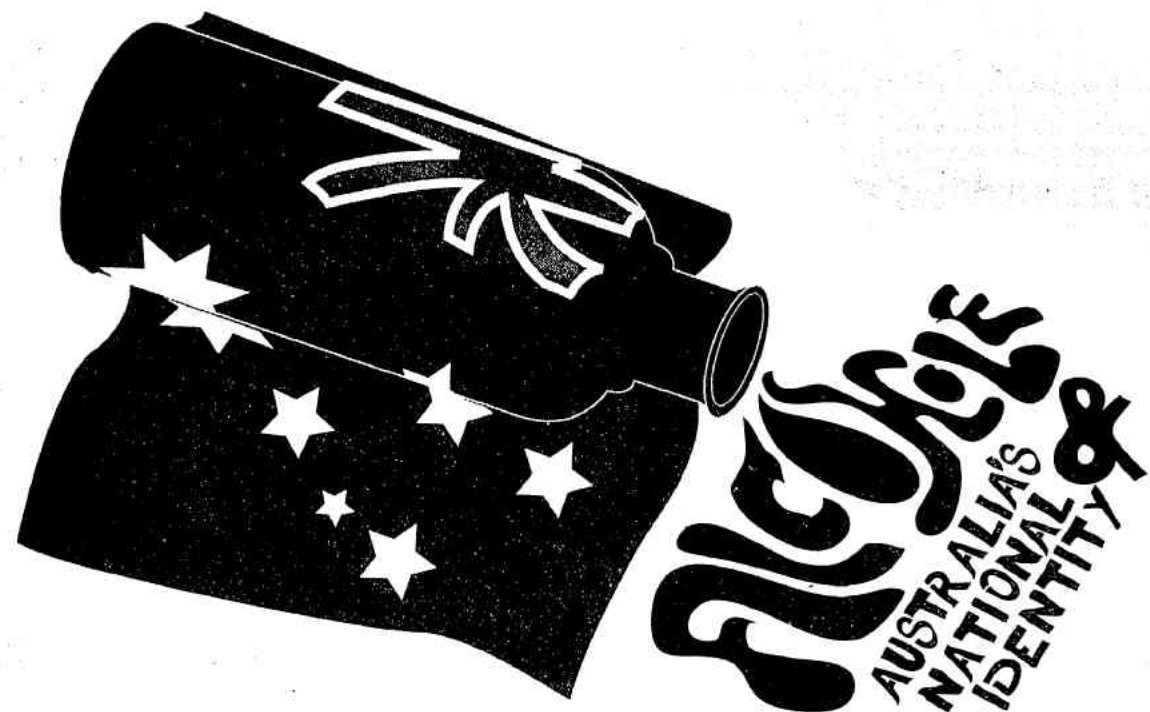
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WORONI



In the national discussion of the entrenched cycle of violence and poverty in indigenous Australia, uncontrolled alcohol consumption is universally recognised as a social evil. In conversations and jokes about indigenous issues, phrases such as 'petrol sniffer' and 'alcoholic' are common, but such prejudice features little in our own self-reflection.

Behind the rhetoric, there is certainly a crisis of violence and family breakdown in many indigenous communities. The need for men especially to take personal responsibility has become a familiar assertion. Mick Gooda, Chief executive of the Co-operative Research Centre for Aboriginal Health said in response to violence in the Northern Territory, "we have got to make the communities safer and the men, well, they have got to face up to what they've done."

Similarly, Justice Riley of the Supreme Court of NT recently highlighted the relationship between alcohol and violence and implored governments to act; "something must be done before the violence occurs," he said in sentencing a 23-year-old man who had broken his wife's arm with a metal bar.

'White' Australia does not hesitate in enforcing solutions upon indigenous communities, witness 2UE's John Laws in discussion with Mal Brough, Minister for Indigenous Affairs:

"I mean, you've got to get the police back doing what they're paid to do instead of turning their back on these issues, and you've got to virtually stop the Aboriginal people from drinking booze."

Yet, the national 'elite' across our universities, media and political landscape promote and ignore a culture of support for alcohol as part of our national consciousness. In mainstream 'white' Australia the uncontrolled consumption of alcohol assumes a normality that borders on assuming a part of our national identity.

We deify our drinkers. They assume mythical status in stories told at the pub. On our cricketering arena over summer we were saturated with images of David Boon as the typical 'aussie' whose public identity is inseparably linked to beer consumption. He was also present on our televisions, drinking to dangerous levels in a parody of 'Snakes on a Plane'. It may be funny, but can we afford to laugh off such a popularisation of the abuse of a chemical depressant?

Alcohol related problems are not a phenomenon exclusive to remote indigenous Australia; the reality is a picture of an alcoholic culture that warps our own society. One night spent 'out on the town' shows first hand the violent and dangerous results

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of our drinking fascination. Yet strangely such experiences are reduced in popular discourse to be insignificant or just part of the reality of having a good time.

The statistics, however, are unequivocal in their condemnation of our drinking culture. The Victorian Alcohol Statistics Handbook highlighted that for Victoria alone, in the four years from July 2001:

- There were 8850 assaults by alcohol-fuelled young people
- 4891 family incidents were reported to police and other agencies
- Alcohol also led to 2135 serious road injuries

From my own male perspective these statistics are three times as troubling, as that is the proportion that we are likely to die from alcohol related injuries for every one female. However, the implications for males do not stop at statistics of death and injury.

As Mark Latham and other figures have lamented; the 'larrikin' male of the past has disappeared. Unquestionably, the male position has changed; and society has benefited from the erosion of our old patriarchal role.

But with this loss of responsibility, a void has been created. Where 50 years ago union ties, strong families and religion bound the male to society, albeit in an imperfect way, today society has less of a regulating hold on the masculine ethic. Yet the bonds of 'mateship' have been retained and entrenched along with alcohol. Alcohol has remained part of the male tradition, self-sustained as a social bond and perpetuator of the male identity from the 1950 catholic mass to the contemporary local football club.

Has the male filled this void, the loss of the fear of god and the end of class warfare, with a new greater emphasise on alcohol? Do we now venerate the night of lost memory? Why is a drunken-O-week and the 'college life' the professed reason for many going to university? Why do we 'love Mooseheads'?

Perhaps we need to think about our priorities. Today, our own brothers and sisters model their futures based on the example that we set. We, as the purveyors of our future national culture and male identity, should not be presenting a picture of the alcohol influenced man as an identity to be looked up to.

We should look at our own responses to indigenous alcohol problems, and take a leaf out of our own book. To maintain a national debate on the evils of alcohol in indigenous communities and impose answers from our white castles is entirely hypocritical as we perpetuate a warped culture in our own homes. Each man and woman must take personal responsibility for the results of their night-out drinking, on a deeper level than analysing their hangover.

In ten years time, will Australia raise the bottle as its heraldic standard? Instead, let us raise achievements of social cohesion and respect, and be able to celebrate over a beer that is not forced upon us by a cultural duty.



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# tutorials, or how I learned to stop worrying and have a discussion

We're all fairly reasonable people. At least, we'd like to think we are: we hold reasonable opinions about reasonable things, we live in reasonable places (sometimes), we own reasonable, if usually very ordinary cars and ride reasonable bikes and eat reasonably and study once in a while. We respect our courses, our lecturers, our work, and the university. And most of the time we respect our fellow students. Except in tutorials.

I was walking out of another glorious arts tutorial, sun glancing off the pond in the Haydon-Allen courtyard, when it struck me. Birds nattered somewhere nearby, and groups of students grew and disbanded before pouring into tutorial rooms. We felt sorry for them. Bowed heads. Tutor pulling up the rear, smiling. Then, there it was: tutorials, or at least, most tutorials, are horrible.

And they are. At the best of times, tutorials are tense; at the worst, they resemble Hobbes' state of nature: if neither solitary nor short, then certainly brutal and poor. We all seem to go crazy, if just a little bit, when tutorials begin. We talk copiously about rubbish outside of tutorials, yet fall bizarrely silent in them, even when we've done the work. We scowl at other students for making comments that are deemed to be either too silly

or too intelligent. Everyone seems to have randomly chosen nemeses ('I don't like his hands,' she looked at me funny once, 'he's wearing a scarf with a t-shirt'). Things are about as comfortable as a dead cat. It's bizarre and mostly inexplicable, though there are a few things that contribute to the overall phenomenon.

Part of it is at least attributable to the Australian system of education. The structure of the typical Australian university is based, more or less, on a typically English system, which assumes tutorials in college, usually one on one with a postgraduate or postdoctoral fellow. Whether for economic reasons or otherwise, we instead have tutorials - group discussions - that fulfil neither the definition of 'group' nor 'discussion'. We can't really make an argument from design, though. Equally problematic is when people stick dogmatically to viewpoints, even if it's dawning on them that what they're saying isn't correct - usually because they think, incorrectly, that the tutor will take marks off them for reconsidering. Perhaps most galling is the zeal with which people refute other's ideas. Many people seem to be very sure that they're right, even when they really have no basis for concluding that they are. Without wishing to limit or cast aspersions on any student at this university, we're just that - still students. Listen, we know there's a right and wrong in most tutorials - but the way in which we enforce what we consider to be right is usually and uncomfortably wrong.

This can't be something that we just 'fix', through administrative measures or otherwise. If you remove tutorial marks for attendance and/or participation, nobody's going to turn up; it's financially impossible at this university to instigate one-on-one tuition, and most students wouldn't come to unmediated group discussion. Lecturers find it hard enough to get us to come to their long worked-at excursions on life, the universe, and POLS1002. Despite inhabiting a mixed system, we really aren't that disadvantaged: in short, there's very little that's actually wrong with tutorials, except for how we behave in them. And that can be changed: just ask anyone who's been in a good tute.

The tutor filed out, classmates behind me. They looked different out from under the fluorescent lights. I had a chat with one of the guys from the tute about the week's readings. Funnily enough, he had some interesting things to say: he'd been silent all lesson.

**Charles Prestidge-King**



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## RETURNING FROM AN ABU DHABI THINK-TANK, HANNAH LEWIS WRITES OF SOME UNCOMFORTABLE TRUTHS CONCERNING INDIGENOUS AUSTRALIANS.

Indigenous Australians are severely disadvantaged in Australian society, and our government is not doing enough to change this.

Between 20 and 37 percent of Indigenous Australians live below the poverty line. They are also more likely to be homeless, more likely to suffer health problems and their life expectancy is similar to that of people in third world countries- it is 20 years lower than that of non-indigenous Australians.

This situation, however, can be changed through providing adequate educational opportunities. The Australian government recognises this, and the Australian Senate report on poverty states that: "there is clear evidence that improving educational attainment protects against the risk of poverty". This is because education increases employability, increases incomes, reduces the likelihood of imprisonment and leads to better use of health services.

With this in mind the Howard government under the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Education Policy (AEP), has implemented several key programs including:

- Indigenous Education Strategic Initiatives Program (IESIP),
- the Aboriginal Study Assistance Scheme (ABSTUDY)
- Indigenous Education Direct Assistance (IEDA) Program.
- National Indigenous English Literacy and Numeracy Strategy (NIELNS),
- Aboriginal Tutorial Assistance Scheme (ATAS), which includes tutoring for primary and secondary students, and homework centers which Indigenous students can access
- Aboriginal Student Support and Parent Awareness (ASSPA) Program.

These programs however are not effective enough nor are they adequately funded. The

Howard government is also too keen on looking for "quick fix solutions" and provides grants rather than long term solutions that will keep children in school and help children do well at school.

The lack of improvement in Indigenous education outcomes and continuously large gap between Indigenous education outcomes and non-Indigenous education outcomes strongly highlights this. There is still a 10 to 30 percent gap between Indigenous and non-Indigenous achievement in literacy and numeracy benchmarks. Whilst only 52% of Indigenous students meant the Year 7 numeracy benchmark compared to 80% of non-Indigenous students. The lack of government initiative in fixing this problem is appalling and leads to long term educational affects, as how can Indigenous students be expected to continue schooling when only 48% have the adequate numeracy skills after Year 7?

This probably contributes to the lack of Indigenous students completing year 12 and the poor Year 12 results of Indigenous students which in turn affects the number of Indigenous students who can go to university and get higher paid jobs afterwards.

But is it really surprising that the federal government, is inadequately addressing indigenous education given its other policies of increasing funding to private over public schools, increasing HECs by 25% and allowing the elitist so called "Melbourne Model" to go ahead? Maybe when we have a more progressive government, we can not only apologize for Australia's treatment of Indigenous people during colonization but also apologize for not trying to give Indigenous people the educational opportunities that they deserve 200 years later.

-Hannah Lewis

*Hannah was selected to attend the Education Without Borders Conference in Abu Dhabi on the basis of (a much longer and less angry) version of this article – you should have seen the footnotes! Rosemary McConnell, Eion McMillan were also selected to attend. They all would like to thank the ANU for its generous support and encouragement.*



# MONEY SEX & HEELS STUDENTS & THE SEX INDUSTRY CANBERRA

By Evelyn-Manju Fanchette.

At any one time, up to thirteen students will be working simultaneously. No, not in a corner of the library, or a classroom, but working in one of Canberra's prominent bordellos. Out of the twenty staff this establishment employs, over half are students; one-third of these are college girls. These may or may not be the designer-clad ingénues sitting next to you in Law or Commerce. Perhaps you know them, perhaps not. The fact is, I've interviewed a neat dozen over the past month and the revelations are singularly striking. They're not all female (are we shocked?), they're certainly not living off tinned foods (with many earning \$700 + per week), and, from what I can tell they are often servicing fellow students (yes, students are paying for bit of jig-a-jig).

I had a long conversation with one effeminate male employee; let us call him Circe. He is a well-presented (possibly homosexual) and articulate twenty-year old student-cum-voluptuary studying Arts/Commerce at the ANU. He plays the stock market with the money he's been making over the past eight months as a self-described "modern gigolo". He got into his line of work because he was "sick to death of waiting on tables in Civic". Currently he works for an organization that he describes as "frighteningly professional" and spends his weekday evenings in the throes of paid passion with women of the career-oriented kind. Two months into the job, he was requested to deflower his first virgin (later discovered to be a first year from the University of Canberra). He confided, "It's not as unusual a request as it sounds. By doing it this way, a woman is assured as she can be of a sensitive, open-minded and safe experience - not some act of violation committed in a stupor on toga party night." The virgins and career women sound pretty swish, but does he do men too? He wouldn't let on, which makes me wonder about the very outdated connotations of gay sex. As a colleague of mine remarked "all the perks of the job aside, you'd still have to be willing to take it up the ass."

Whatever Circe's sexual orientation, he seems genuinely happy in his job and is evidence that the recent debate about why many students have turned to work in the sex industry because of the rising cost of living is mostly unhelpful. "Being a student and not having enough money does not make you instantly consider working in the

industry," remarks Circe. "The attraction, at least initially, is probably in the flexibility of working hours, and the novel quality of the work. It's not necessarily about the cash, which can vary wildly depending on where you work, what you do, and whether you work alone."

This sentiment is reiterated by one owner/manager from a Southside establishment. She said that the working conditions really do make the working experience what it is. Many employees are said to feel constrained by working for an organization that expects a significant slice of the earnings (with many places demanding as much as 50%). What new employees often don't understand, "is that the employer acts as an agent - everything is provided and all costs to do with healthcare, meals, insurance etc. are absorbed - the girls have very little to worry about". She has worked with women, mostly young students who were keen to make as much as they could, causing them to go out by themselves. "Some came back 'bashed and bruised' and very apologetic about their conduct. 'You're so vulnerable if you're walking the streets, or placing newspaper advertisements. You don't know what you're getting yourself in to. This doesn't make the extra money desirable, does it?"

Evidently, there are variable features and benefits to be noted in the profession, just like any other. But in such a highly sexualised culture, how do you apply to work? A mature-aged student working as an exotic dancer and who has just got into the "supply and demand" industry (these are her words!) revealed, "It's like any other job really. They want to know if you're punctual, reliable, responsible - but also, if you can cut it. I don't think many people find it the most carefree profession psychologically." This student went on to reveal that before her first shift, she found many tips on the Sex Worker Outreach Project (SWOP) website which is funded by the ACT Department of Health. Similarly, this website lists that one of the benefits of working in the industry includes the fact that there is no stress when applying for the job - you don't need resumes or references from employers - you don't need qualifications or previous experience. Like Circe, this mature-age student started working after a hassle-free interview ("which wasn't an interview at all really") and feels well supported and optimistic in her line of work. They both feel lucky because for them,

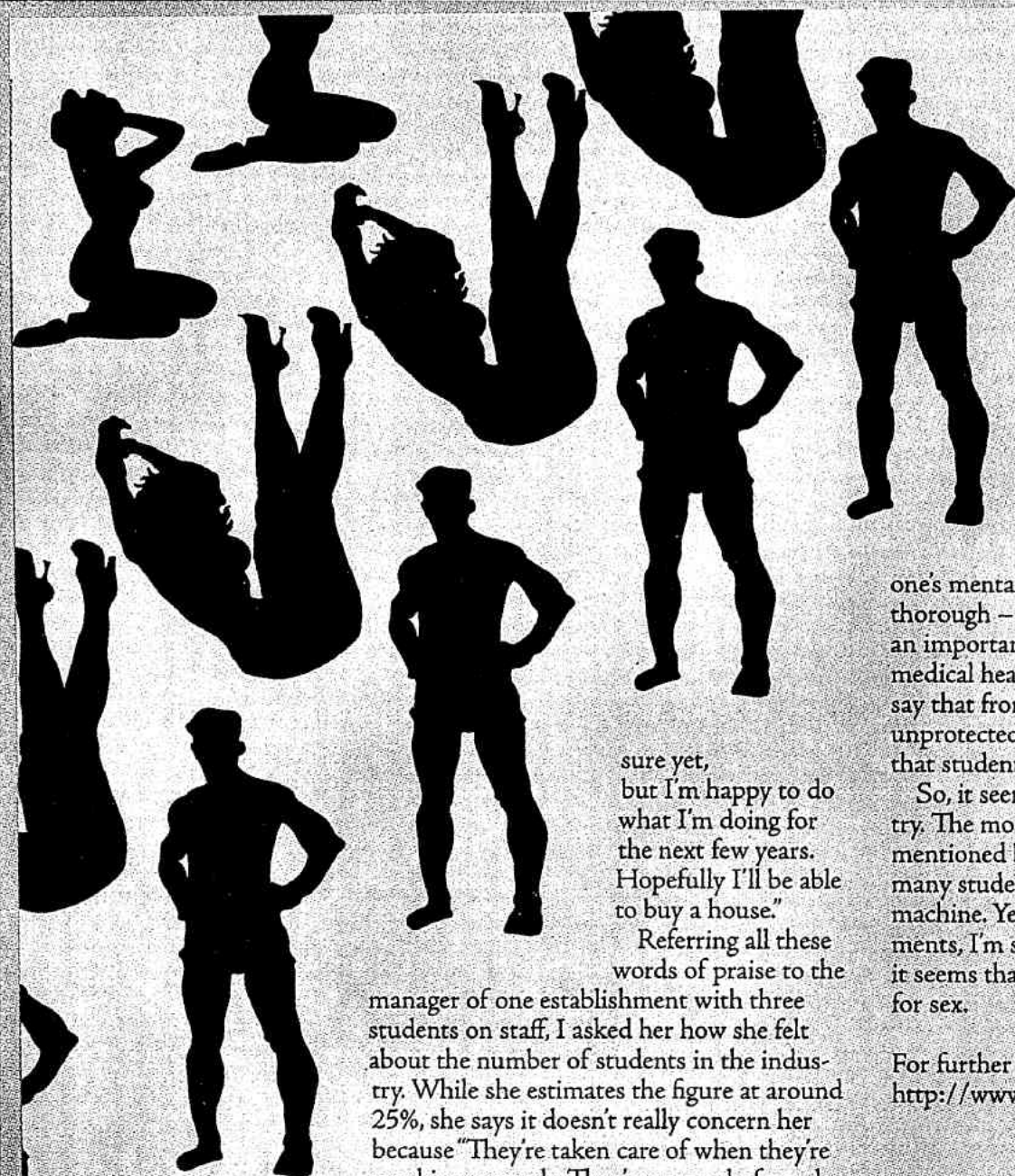
prostitution is a short-term career choice. Both know they are not bound to the profession because they have other aspirations once they finish their respective studies. Circe made the comment "It would be very different I think if you felt stuck - as if there weren't any other options because you were a single parent, or had a drug addiction."

Interviewing people presented an unexpected result - most were more enthusiastic about the industry than I'd anticipated. Do they have to be? It is easier to come to terms with one's work if one presents a self-satisfied perspective? Whatever the reason, the real question is how credible it is, especially among fellow-students? For Circe "It's a choice. I'm not interested in any other work. The industry gives me what I want at this stage in my life - I don't think you can commend choosing to work in a store, or café, for example, any more or less than you could this". When I asked him if his family or close friends knew what he got up to in his working life however he said all his close friends were from work, and his parents were cool with it "because they worked in the industry too once". I thereby declared Circe a special case. I asked him also if his uni friends knew, but he flinched and said he'd never tell them because they'd "be shocked". He went on to mention, "it sounds pathetic, especially as I know of many students who are going to brothels as clients - but it's somehow taboo so we don't talk about it, even if we know what's going on."

For a young University of Canberra student, neither her family nor her friends know how she spends her time at work. Her boyfriend, however, does. Doesn't this make for a peculiar relationship? "Sure, at first it was weird, but he understands it's just another day at work for me and he's open-minded. And the money helps us - I feel as if I'm contributing to our livelihood". What will she do once she's finished studying? "I'm not

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the ass.*





these things are my business, but nevertheless I felt saddened upon the closure of this conversation. Here was a thoroughly embittered and cashed-up young woman who poignantly revealed evidence of the sale of her soul.

One question that was also central to many of the discussions pertained to matters of health; just how do sex workers keep themselves healthy and free from STIs? Organisations such as SWOP provide regular and free sexual health testing and it is a legal requirement that workers are regularly tested. Needless to say, ACT WorkCover requires the use of condoms and also, that all condoms, lubricant, dams and gloves etc. be provided by brothels free of charge. Circe believes this is the most important aspect of the profession, in addition to maintaining

one's mental health. He said, "STI testing needs to be regular and thorough – which it is – in this regard the sex industry is setting an important example." Many brothels also demand a certificate of medical health to be provided at certain intervals. He goes on to say that from what he knows about the number of students having unprotected sex and not being tested "it's disgustingly irresponsible that students aren't looking after themselves."

So, it seems we have a few things to learn from the sex industry. The most interesting revelation, and one which several people mentioned but felt hesitant in expanding upon however is there are many students who are clients of the sex industry. They're feeding the machine. Yes, the cost of living is high and for those on welfare payments, I'm sure it doesn't ever feel like quite enough. But interestingly, it seems that between rent and HECS, students still seem able to pay for sex.

For further information about the Sex Worker's Outreach Project see <http://www.aidsaction.org.au/swop>.

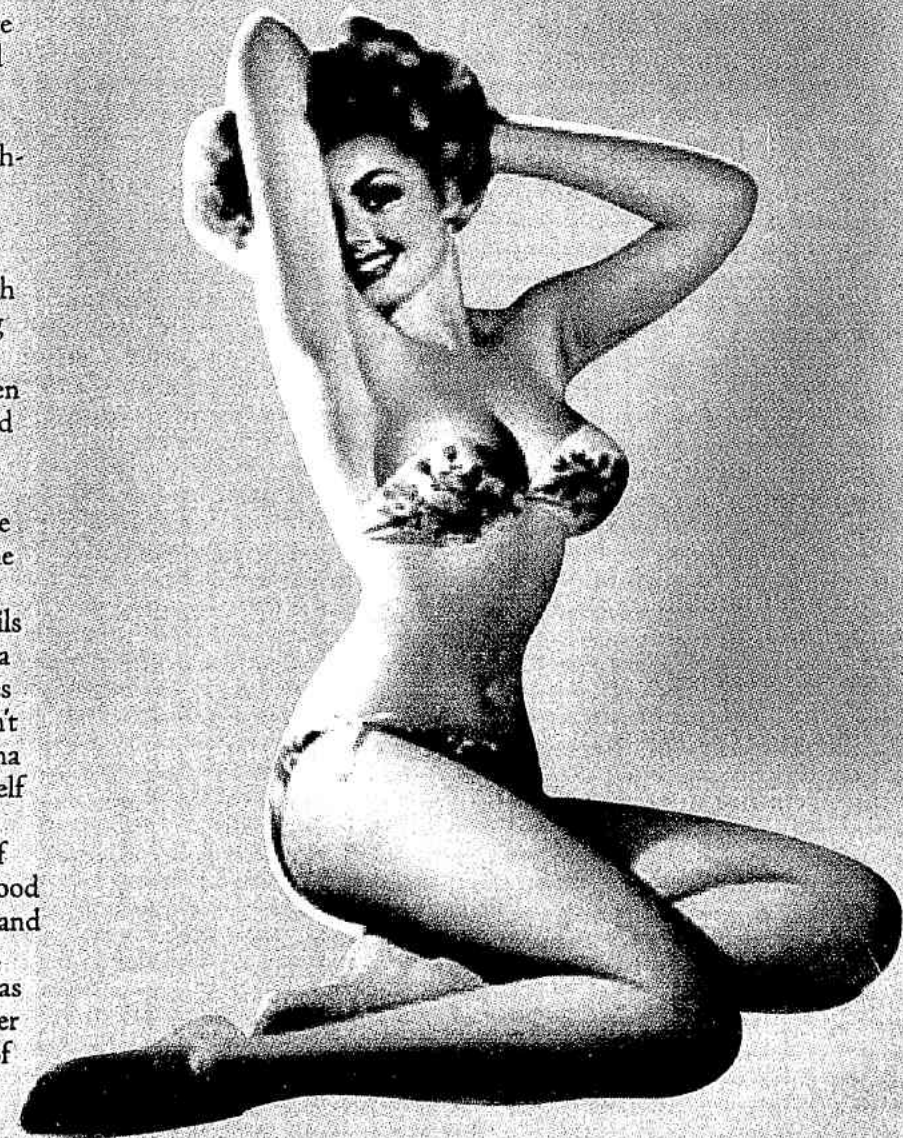
sure yet, but I'm happy to do what I'm doing for the next few years. Hopefully I'll be able to buy a house."

Referring all these words of praise to the

manager of one establishment with three students on staff, I asked her how she felt about the number of students in the industry. While she estimates the figure at around 25%, she says it doesn't really concern her because "They're taken care of when they're working properly. They're assured of good working conditions. There is no coercion

– if a girl wants out, then it's as simple as walking out the door. It's ultimately a choice but I have standards too. My work place is health-conscious, drug-free and safe – not to mention, legal!" I also raised the question of what kind of clients she receives. She says she gets "all sorts, but because of being competitively priced, also a hell of a lot of young people." Because of the confidentiality surrounding such businesses, I asked her how she knew she was getting a lot of young people. "Because privacy is a big factor, often we book and confirm appointments via e-mail. I know I've got a student, for example when I'm given a uni e-mail address – I've got nearly sixty on record – and that's just since February". I believe the conclusion suggested is that O-week was a busy time.

The closest I came to finding someone who felt trapped inside the industry was a female student studying Tourism Management at the UC. Not willing to provide much detailed information about her feelings about her 'casual job', this student bombarded me with details about her spending habits and how having the extra cash made for a pretty good life. Somewhat repulsed by her arrogance, I nevertheless made haste in transcribing this remark: "I don't feel lousy that I don't save money. I have a disposable income. I have twelve pairs of Bettina Liano jeans and a hell of a time going out for drinks. I can buy myself whatever I want. Last week I spent \$1,500 at Saba". Noticing my distaste for such proclamations, I was confronted with the reality of an icy interview. Although she claimed "I work hard and am darn good at what I do", the reality is, I suspect, that uni takes second priority and the original intention of working to enrich the student life has been subverted so that prostitution, sadly, has become an end in itself. Has she ever contracted an STI? "It's none of your business". Has she ever been sexually assaulted? "It's none of your business". I admit, none of



It's no secret that I hate the career-slash-future orientated issues of magazines, often put out by youth publications, especially after having to construct one of these faux-literary abominations in the past (anything for the advertising buck, right?). I've never been particularly eager to read some tale of some kid overcoming all odds in the face of adversity, nor am I that interested in reading articles on newly created careers in fields that I've never heard of, but suspect that they have something to do with the internet judging by the jargon and font used. I can never relate to these articles because they never cater to the middleweight kids like me; it's either back patting for the over-achievers or half-assed boosters for the under-achievers. To be honest, I didn't do too badly at uni, but I didn't do that great either. Like most university students, the lure of a vinyl couch in a bar had more pull than sitting uncomfortably at a desk in the Chifley library, trying to work out what the fuck Irigaray was harping on about. I suppose if I applied myself, I could have received better marks, but after weighing it up however many times in my head, a higher grade was something I was willing to sacrifice for a night spent drinking obscenely alcoholic homemade punch from a 98-cent 10-litre bucket with my housemates. I don't have any real regrets in regards to my half-assed approach to university, because unfortunately, I'm secure in the knowledge that if I had put in a little more effort, I still would have left university with a degree that had little to no vocational prospects, just a better transcript.

I graduated from the ANU with a Bachelor of Arts degree, majoring in Gender/Cultural Studies and Sociology. During my three years at university, I rarely thought about what sort of job my degree would afford me once I left the confines of the Acton campus. I'm firm in my belief that that's the way it should be – enjoying the journey rather than the destination (and consequently, giving you the opportunity to watch obscene amounts of feel-good daytime television that enables you to construct sentences like one above). When and where else was I going to get the opportunity to get graded for writing a paper on the Straight Edge moment and its relation to hegemonic masculinity? Here I was, able to academically masturbate to Minor Threat, and being encouraged to do so no less by my teachers. If academia isn't your chosen path, university exists as one of the last opportunities to indulge in learning for learning's sake without feeling some sort of pressure (be it internal or external) to do something practical and sensible with your life. The hard fact still remained that when I left university with my Gender/Cultural Studies degree in tow, there weren't a great number of employment options that pertained to my particular studies. It's fair to say that I hadn't really thought that far in advance. I s'pose my only real goal during those three years was to pass all of my classes and come out with an expensive piece of paper.

After I finished at the ANU, I decided to follow suit of many Canber-rans, and haul ass to Melbourne in search of meaningful employment. Once the honeymoon period had worn off, and trams just became huge boxes of sticky body odour as opposed to magical vehicles of awesome, my life was characterised by two things: impending homelessness and unemployment. A friend and I had been shacking up in a tenuously linked

# THIS COULD BE YOU

Former Woroni kingpin **Chloe Persing** offers an up-lifting tale of a kid overcoming all the odds in the face of adversity. At times heartbreaking at others informative, this one's for all the soon-to-be graduates and kids doing straight arts.

WORONIREAD

friend's one bedroom apartment in Richmond while she was teaching English to kids in Japan. My friend and I were quickly growing irritable with one another as she needed space to study, and I needed space to mope and chain smoke. While she spent her weekdays attending classes at Melbourne University, I spent mine trekking across the inner-northern suburbs of Melbourne, often on foot, kissing real estate derriere. It affirmed my belief that house hunting is one of the most painful, drawn-out ordeals one can experience. On weekends, my two future housemates and I would attend inspections in Fitzroy and Brunswick along with thirty others, and find ourselves having to bribe agents with an extra \$50 a week for some cruddy, decrepit shanty on some noisy arterial road. We had agents suck us in, only to fuck us over days later and offer their houses to upwardly mobile couples. At this stage, all three of us had developed a collective loathing for real estate agents and even came up with twisted plans of sabotage for certain offices. Thankfully, an agency took pity on us and took us under their wing. A week later we landed the most beautiful terrace house in North Melbourne, and to this day, I have no idea how we managed to snag such an amazing home in such a great location.

At this point in time, I also had the burden of being unemployed and was going through my savings at a rapid rate. That's when I first became acquainted with Centrelink. I was no longer eligible for Youth Allowance – I was now playing with the big boys. I was on Newstart, complete with a full-time concession card, earning roughly \$177 per fortnight after rent. \$177 per fortnight is fairly hard to live on. I found myself switching to rolling cigarettes, taking bottles of wine in my bag to bars, and fare evading on trains and trams when it was safe. I cooked large lentil curries with my housemate, and we lived off the same meal for a week at a time. Here I was in this glamorous city, in a lush house, living on a Centrelink pittance. It was an odd contrast.

As for finding employment, I originally had planned to move back into the social welfare sector after a brief stint at a national community housing peak body, however I soon became desperate, whoring myself to anyone on Seek who required someone with a basic grasp of Microsoft Office and run-of-the-mill administrative skills. Newstart makes university graduates desperate due to their sense of entitlement. A condition of the Newstart Allowance is that after three months, you are forced to attend daily job training seminars that teach you how to draw up your CV and how to dress for job interviews. I couldn't imagine anything more humiliating. I knew how to write a fucking CV – I had written five-thousand word essays on various theorists and their take on hermeneutics. It was safe to say that I knew how to chronologically list my employment history. I knew how to dress in corporate garb and take out piercings for interviews. Job training seminars had the ability to induce panic attacks.

It was due to this highly developed fear of job training seminars that I found myself sinking to new desperate lows. At one point I even considered re-selling my soul to Safeway, just to avoid my Job Network member and

LIKE EVERY  
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their daily seminars out in Coburg. Luckily two things stopped me from reapplying for a job at Safeway: the prospect of donning that terribly unappealing uniform once more, and some sense of pride, no matter how battered it had become after a few months of fare evading and chugging cleanskin wine from my bag in bar bathrooms. Like every graduate, I felt that I had paid my dues to the world of unsatisfying menial employment, and I wanted some sort of job that would in some way form the basis of my future career. I felt that after paying a considerable amount of money, and writing a considerable amount of wank, I was entitled to something meaningful, something that would recognise my genius (or at the very least, could appreciate that I had skills beyond wrapping up sliced devon). That's when I became hooked on Recruitment Agencies. Recruitment Agencies were dealers in self-esteem and I was their willing junkie. The agencies did wonders for my absent self-esteem. I would come in, broken hearted that there was fuck-all available in a field that barely existed, and increasingly stressed that my budget could easily be thrown out of whack by something as basic as a trip to the doctor. Recruitment Agencies would sit me down, review my CV and tell me that I was fabulous and far too skilled for entry-level administrative positions. Recruitment Agencies placated my ego, and it's no surprise that I warmed to their charms. Being the complete hussie I am, I had visited and left my resume with five agencies over the period of a month. Needless to say, the various agencies didn't find me any sort of long-term employment, but recommended me as a temp for a number of companies.

With my difficulty in procuring housing and meaningful employment, I s'pose it's fitting that I landed a job working as a support worker for people experiencing homelessness in Melbourne's eastern regions. I scored the job due to my half-assed networking skills within the Victorian community-housing sector. My resume was found on an industry website and I was called one morning. It came at an opportune time as I had just worked my way into the final round of interviews for a position, only to be given the brush-off a few days earlier. Job training seminars were to start

within two weeks. Originally I was hired as a locum, only to work a few days a week and fill in for staff over holiday periods. Fortunately on my first day, one of the permanent staff members threw a grade-A hissy fit and the possibility of job security became fairly attainable.

It was fortunate that I immediately loved the job, and totally dug the hands-on aspect of the position that my previous job within the sector lacked. Even though I had no formal training in social work, I found that I was all right at working with clients, and only became better over time. While my last position within the sector was basically administrative with brief forays into policy submissions, my new position allowed me to work with the people my previous policies were advocates of. More importantly, I was actually employing some of the stuff I learned during my degree, particularly in relation to working with my clients who had experienced or were experiencing domestic violence. It was a bizarre feeling knowing that the degree I had spent however many months chastising due to its utter uselessness was now actually coming in handy in my new job. I felt some sort of validation, and a definite sense of relief. I could now rest knowing that three years of my life (and a large sum of money) weren't wasted, and did provide some sort of foundation for my future. To say the least, it was both reassuring and comforting.

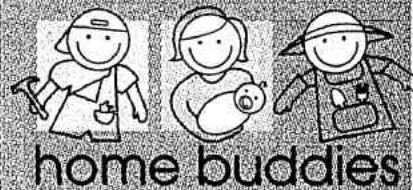
I watch as my friends complete their degrees. Most are going ahead with honours, predominantly in the Faculty of Arts. A close friend of mine is studying Film. We share jokes regarding her future employment prospects, although I often wonder if there is a tone of anxiety in her laughter. Due to some sort of maternal force, I want to tell her that she's going to be fine. She should know that Centrelink isn't that awful (Coburg has a lot of great coffee shops) and that unemployment has its silver linings (unbridled amounts of time in which you can sleep and drink hooch without feeling as guilty as you did at uni when you had three essays due in a week). More importantly, it's the knowledge that Arts Degrees aren't completely useless in the search for meaningful employment (not to mention the ultimate power you are able to wield at pub trivia nights). My advice to her is this: have fun now. When else are you going to be given the opportunity to wank on about Michel Gondry for fifteen thousand odd words?

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# LIFE IN THE RACE, SOME RATS PERSPECTIVES

By Simone Gubler

One day the sweet ride of university will come to an end. And if you are not very careful, or inclined towards spending the rest of your life researching something completely irrelevant in an ivory tower, you might end up in the public service. Or maybe that's what turns you on...

This article is about the places we go and the people we meet once we've earned or bluffed our way into a degree. The interviews below represent some of the many paths an ANU graduate can take, the list is by no means exhaustive, and many of the contributions we received had to be left on the cutting room floor, including interviews with: a stand-up comic (not funny enough), an unemployed person (too uplifting) and an interview with a career hippie (too few drugs references).

Hugh, 23  
Degree in Economics (ANU)  
Works at private consultancy firm: Access Economics

I did economics at uni and I think that 95% of people graduating from uni with an economics degree won't work as a practicing economist, but will use the economic way of thinking in a related job such as the public service for example. I am lucky in that I got a good job where every day I do use the theory I learned at uni.

Loosely speaking I do what all economists do: advise people on how to distribute their resources to optimally solve their problems. Maybe the best way is to answer with an example. A couple of weeks ago the Department of Industry Tourism and Resources contacted us to get an economic perspective on whether to let in more international carriers from the Middle East. We showed that this would generate billions for the economy and thousands of jobs. They couldn't say no to this, with the result being that within days flights from the Middle East were doubled and airfares are expected to fall substantially.

I always wanted to do a PhD but I don't think I will. Uni is good but I think that you should get what you can from it and then move on there's plenty more out there. I might do my masters somewhere overseas in about 10 years just to catch up on where economics has gone.

Zoe, 22  
Degree in International Relations  
Business Development Administrator for Clayton Utz

I perform administrative tasks relating to the legal work my firm does for the Department of Defence. This can include creating quotes for legal work, checking invoices, filing Purchase Orders, ensuring all the lawyers working Defence matters are on the Defence Specified Personnel list, and organising for lawyers (those that need it) to get security clearances from Defence.

I think my degree really helped me to get this job. A big part of it was having another language and having lived overseas - good life experience, and neither of which I would have had I not done my degree.

I'm hoping this job will help me to get a job in Defence, because I'm making some really good contacts...and working at Defence is what I had in mind when I started my degree.

Maddy, 21  
Degree in Science (major: biology)  
Administrative Assistant to a Charitable Organisation

My job title is admin support and I have many little jobs that I have mastered. I can talk on the phone and book people into first aid classes. I can use the photo copy machine (able to do back and front), I can use the folding machine (which is not as easy as it sounds because

30

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ours is ancient and it always seems to get stuck, as we are a charity we of course will not get another until this one is officially broken). And I do other receptionist type work. I walk to the post office every morning and get milk if we need it.

I probably would have received the job without my degree, but because I had the degree I was more qualified, and thus a better person to employ. Need less to say if I had not gone to uni and tried for the job straight away out of high school it may have been different because of my age and maturity. This was not the job I envisioned myself in, but when I started the degree I really had no direction whatsoever. I am definitely going to do another degree as I want a more specific job title as mine right now is a bit hazy.

Stewart, 21  
Degree in Photography (unfinished)  
Freelance Photographer

I realised at the end of first year that university wasn't for me. Life would probably be easier now if I'd stayed and completed my degree, but I didn't, and I'm still trucking along. I did pick up some really important skills at uni, and photography is one of those things where having a piece of paper which claims you're qualified doesn't mean squat unless you can have a portfolio of quality work. I've put a lot into my portfolio and now I work as a freelance photographer. I take photos for local publications and specialise in photographing musical events. This had taken me to some amazing gigs (for free), and I always have the best seat in the house - I'm that annoying dude with the massive lens on the other side of the crowd barrier to you. I often get backstage passes as well, which means I've met quite a few rock stars. I have a lot of job satisfaction. I also use my photographic skills in art projects. Art is more of a hobby to me, and I can only dream of actually working as a full-time photo artist, although, I've had one work exhibited in the National Portrait Gallery.

Comic books: love or loathe them, they have been an entertainment mainstay of young people everywhere for the last 50 years or so. Whether the Marvel/DC powerhouse comics (and infinite spinoff products) that have captured the imagination and dollars of the world market, like Superman, Batman, X-Men and Spiderman, the recent development of webcomics that have multiplied like the proverbial rodent, or single-print indy releases inked by local artists, there is nothing quite like a good comic book.

As a long time Uncanny X-Men aficionado who was sick of being teased about being a nerd, I wanted to exploit Woroni's massive political power to win some hearts and minds to the comic book cause... (If I succeed, please send your heart and/or mind at the Woroni office- I collect them weekly). To start my journey to comic book Nirvana, I spoke to Rhys and Jin, the creative masterminds of MonkeyRabbit Studios, both of whom are hoping to independently publish their first complete comics later this year, about being struggling artists in a world which seems to be geared against the comic book.

#### **How did you first get into comics?**

**Rhys:** My brother got me Uncanny X-men number 315 for my birthday along time ago, when I was about 10, ever since then I have been hooked. As for drawing comic books, (I'm not ashamed to say that it only took a quick flick through my archives to remind myself that this issue featured the mighty steel biceps of Colossus on the front cover)

**Jin:** When I lived in China about 10- 12 years ago, my mum had a friend who lived in the States, and he would send me a heap of comics every month. So that's where my love for comics began, I guess.

#### **When did you discover you could draw/ how have you taught yourself?**

**Rhys:** In my first year of high school, a friend of mine brought a drawing into class, and I thought I could do better, so I started to draw every day. I don't think I ever caught up to him during my time at school.

**Jin:** I have been drawing pretty much all my life. I taught myself by copying out of my favourite comics, which then progressed to me trying to draw characters like Spider-man and characters from Dragon Ball Z out of my head, then creating

my own characters, trying to develop my own style. Now I try and teach myself more by hearing feedback from other artists and comic book lovers.

#### **What did you do at uni, and why did you decide to drop out to be an artist?**

**Rhys:** I studied Fine Arts and French. I completed one year and then left South Africa for the UK to teach at a school for a year. Ever since then I have been trying to break into the industry,

**Jin:** Rhys is the only one who has dropped out of Uni... I have just started studying Visual Arts at ANU majoring in Drawing and Printmedia.

#### **What comics do you read regularly/what are your favourites?**

**Rhys:** I used to love the Uncanny X-Men and Wolverine, but my passion for super heroes has been dying. At the moment I am reading a comic book adaptation of Steven King's Dark Tower, which is excellent. Another recent favourite is a book called Mouse Guard, which follows a group sworn to protect mouse kind... it's really cool: they have toothpicks for swords.

**Jin:** I read quite a few comics... Sonic the Hedgehog, Sonic X, Spider-Man, Cable/Deadpool and Street Fighter. The stand out comic would have to be Street Fighter, it has amazing art and it's written beautifully.

#### **How long does it take to do, say, an A4 page worth of comic?**

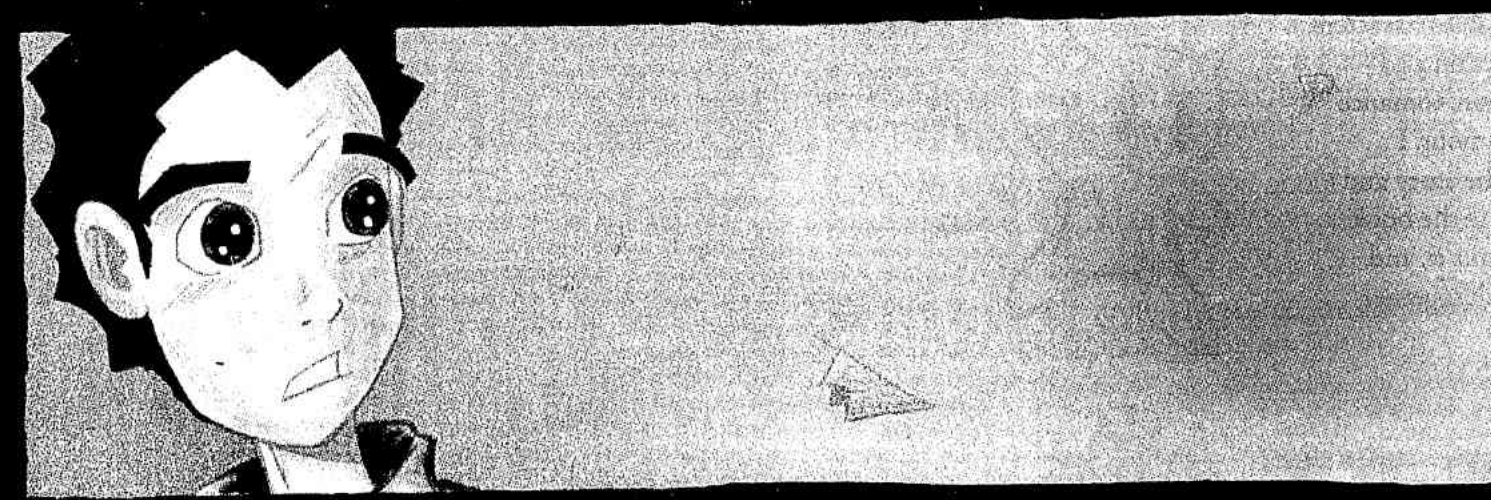
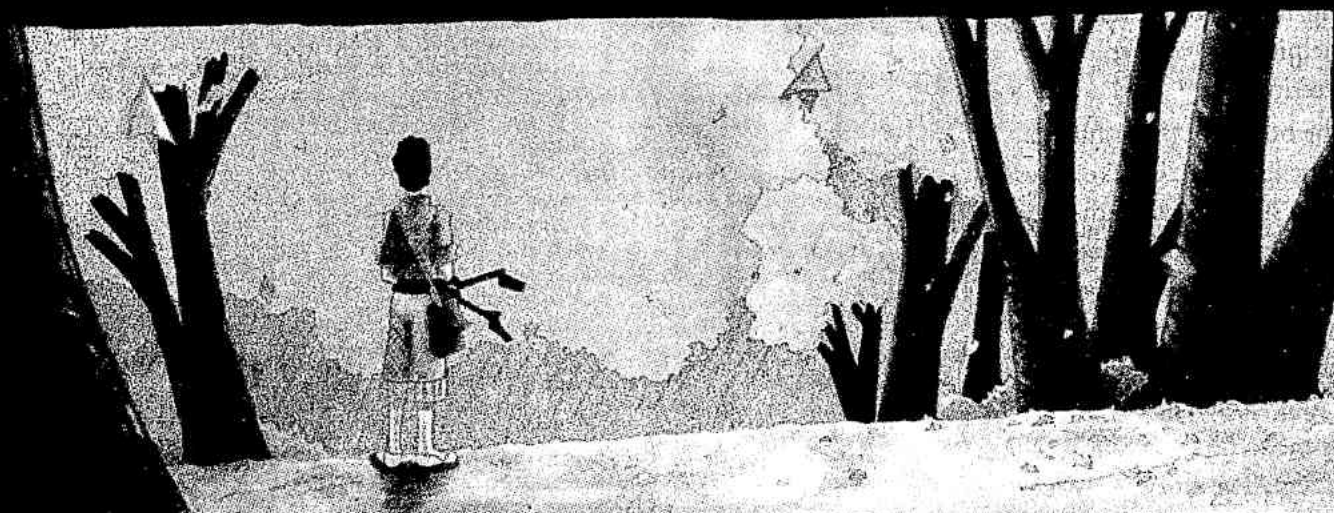
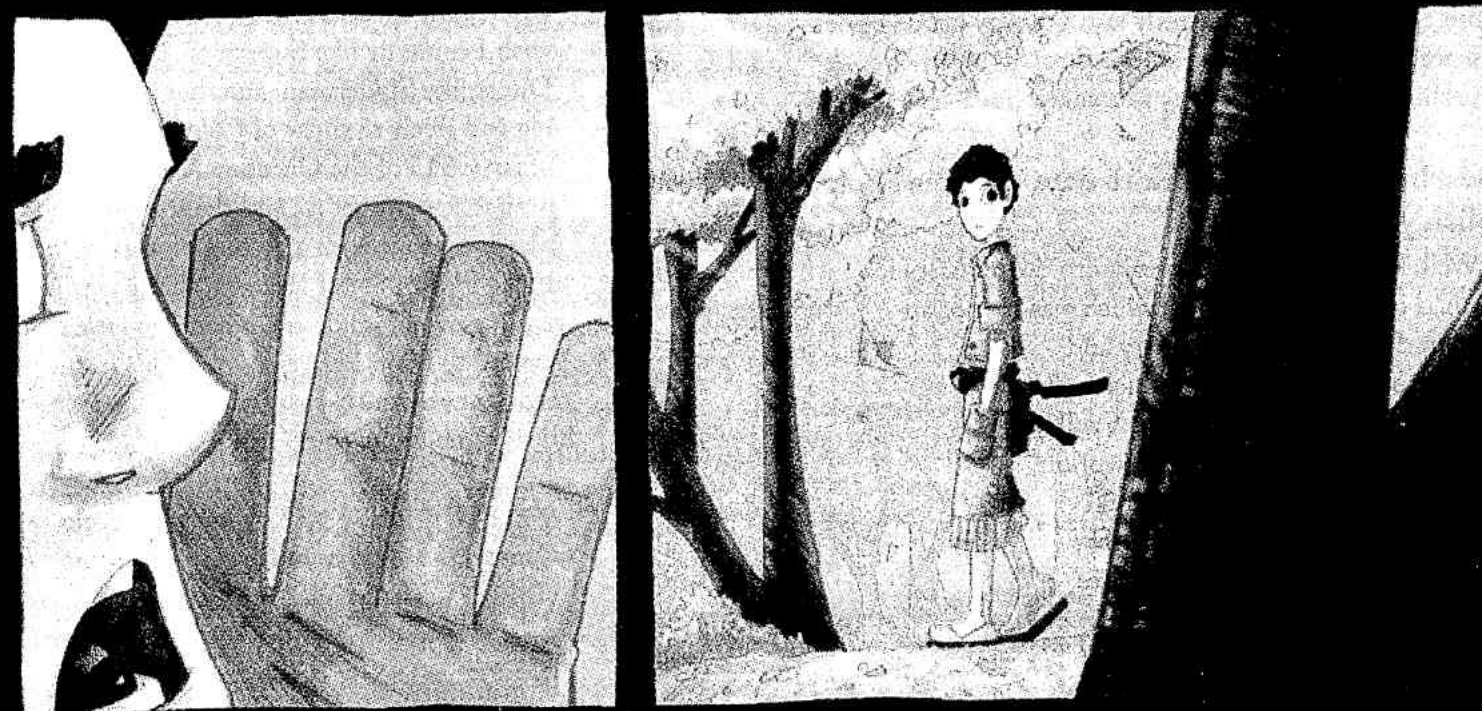
**Rhys:** To get a standard comic book sized page it takes about 8 hours to pencil, (including planning and sketches), another 3 to 4 hours to ink it and another 5 hours to colour it. Throw in another 2 hours for the lettering. So, where are we? About 18 hours per page. I guess that is why a number of people work together to get it done. Except for Japanese artists... but they're crazy...

**Jin:** An A4 page of a comic is actually drawn on A3 piece of paper then shrunk down to A4 for viewing. On average it takes me about 6 hours to draw a page but there have been times that it has taken me a week to do one page just because I wasn't happy with something.

#### **Comics tend to attract a bit of negative stigma (e.g. comic book guy in The Simpsons). Why do you think this is?**

**Rhys:** Forget what other people think. If you like comics, read them on the bus, read them while you walk. Love what you love. I think people that think that have never read a decent comic book, and they should go and buy one. But there's no going back once you do.

**Jin:** I guess it's because a lot of people who are very vocal about comics and talk about them all the time are actually exactly like the





comic book guy. It's a shame that people make that assumption about everyone who reads comics though.

#### Have you copped a lot of it yourself?

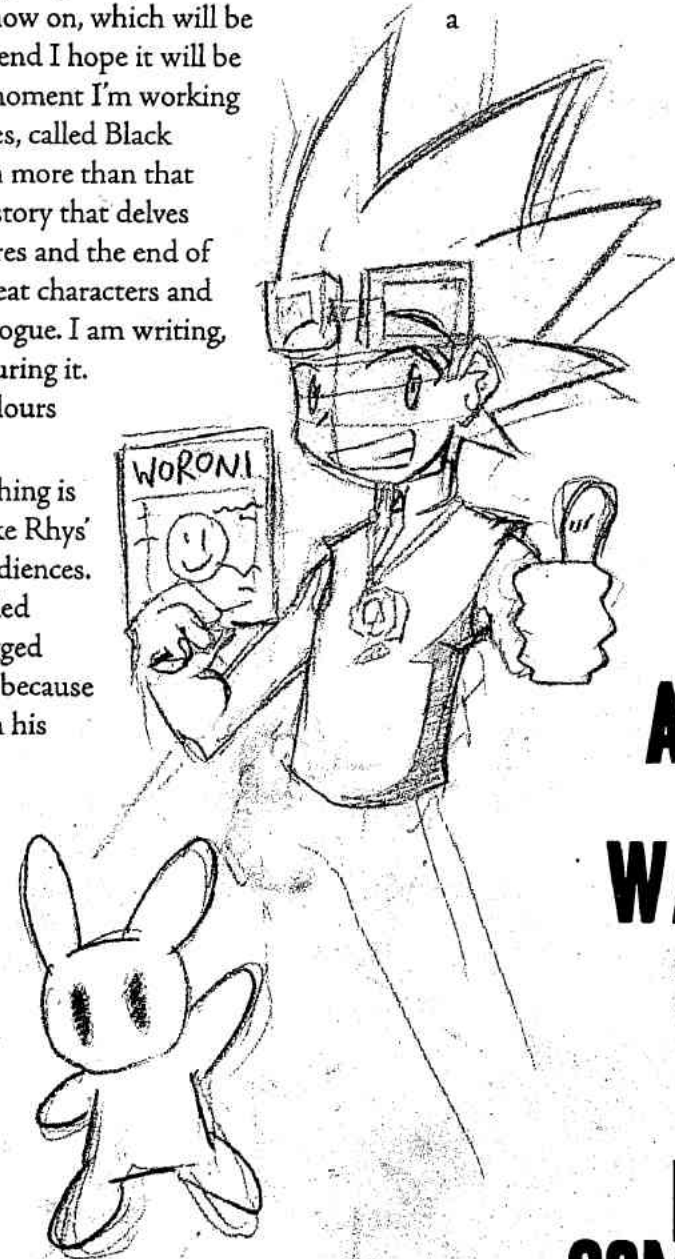
**Rhys:** Yeah, of course, but I get made fun of for liking Pokemon... I still love them. A world without comics would be a very sad place for me. I love what I do, and I think being a comic book artist carries a little more prestige than just liking comic books, but we will never be grouped with other art. Think about it, a single drawing by a popular artist could sell for millions, whereas a brilliant comic book artist draws 21 pages of spectacular art every month, and gets very limited respect. It doesn't make sense to me, but having said that I'll stick with drawing comic books.

**Jin:** Not really. I guess since I am actually a comic book artist I don't cop it as much. But no matter what anybody says I'm very proud of being a comic book artist. As long as I can tell great stories through my art I don't mind if someone out there thinks that I'm a fat guy in a comic book store.

#### Tell me a bit about your work to date, and the books you're hoping to publish yourselves.

**Rhys:** Well, I've been trying to break into the industry for a while now, and I've only had one story published, which was part of an anthology published in the UK. I'm going to try and publish my stories from now on, which will be a lot more work, but in the end I hope it will be more rewarding. At the moment I'm working on a comic about vampires, called Black Roses. I can't reveal much more than that right now, but it's a dark story that delves into the origins of vampires and the end of the species, with some great characters and hopefully some great dialogue. I am writing, drawing, inking and colouring it. Jin is helping out with colours and lettering.

**Jin:** The book I'm publishing is called Battle Gems. Unlike Rhys' book it's a story for all audiences. It's about a young kid called Yuki Arcadia who is dragged into this huge adventure, because of a hand-me-down from his grandfather which just so happens to be a Battle Gem. The story consists of a large cast of loveable characters, with action and explosion, romance and humour. I write the story and illustrate the book, Rhys inks it, and we work together



to colour it. After the final touch ups are done and the speech is put in we should have a really exciting story.

Having spoken to Rhys and Jin, I decided that as cool as I thought it would be to draw Iron Man or Ghost Rider for a living, I was never going to be that good. But damned if I was going to let the team down and pretend I didn't read comics just to make people stop thinking I was a nerd. Hell, they're bigger nerds than me... they like Pokemon... but they don't care. They love it and they don't care who knows it.

On realising this, I have completed the first step to comic book Nirvana- I have accepted nerd status, and I will readily confess to anyone who cares to listen that I wish I could fly like Superman, make out with Kirsten Dunst like Spiderman, and that my muscles were as big and steely as those of Colossus on the front cover of issue 315 of the Uncanny X-Men. Sadly, I can't, I probably won't get to, and the steeliest thing I will ever have is a badge with a picture of a train on it (No less than a Hikari Super Express, all the way from an Osaka vending machine). If and when I achieve enlightenment, I intend to issue a life-size collector's statue of myself made entirely of cheese. I'm a nerd, and whoever doesn't like it can bite my shiny metal bicep.

*With a bit of luck, both Rhys and Jin's books will launch in Canberra in October at House of Heroes in Phillip, Impact Comics in the city and Dee's Comics in Belconnen. They're also planning to get a table at the Supernova Comic Convention in Sydney, where Jin will doubtless impress the fans with his second-to-none DragonBall Z imitations. Keep an eye out in the What's On section of Woroni, buff up your nerd badge and come along.*

**AS A LONG TIME UNCANNY X-MEN AFICIONADO WHO WAS SICK OF BEING TEASED ABOUT BEING A NERD, I WANTED TO EXPLOIT WORONI'S MASSIVE POLITICAL POWER TO WIN SOME HEARTS AND MINDS TO THE COMIC BOOK CAUSE**

# From The ANU Careers Centre

Australian National University students are well placed to consider a wide range of occupations following graduation. The Careers Centre plays a very active role in assisting you with the issues relating to your career planning and development. This involves help with:

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- Raising your awareness of labour market trends and opportunities
- Clarifying your career options and setting appropriate career goals
- Learning the essentials of effective job applications, including resume, cover letter and supporting statement preparation, as well as preparation for interviews

Through the academic year we run a suite of workshops and seminars to assist in preparation for finding your place in the labour market. We offer everything from resume writing skills to mock assessment centres workshops. It is recommended that you attend relevant seminars and workshops in order to address some of the issues above; however if you need individual time with a career counsellor for careers counselling or direction please contact us to make an appointment. We also organise the annual Employer Visits Program and various Careers Fairs throughout the year.

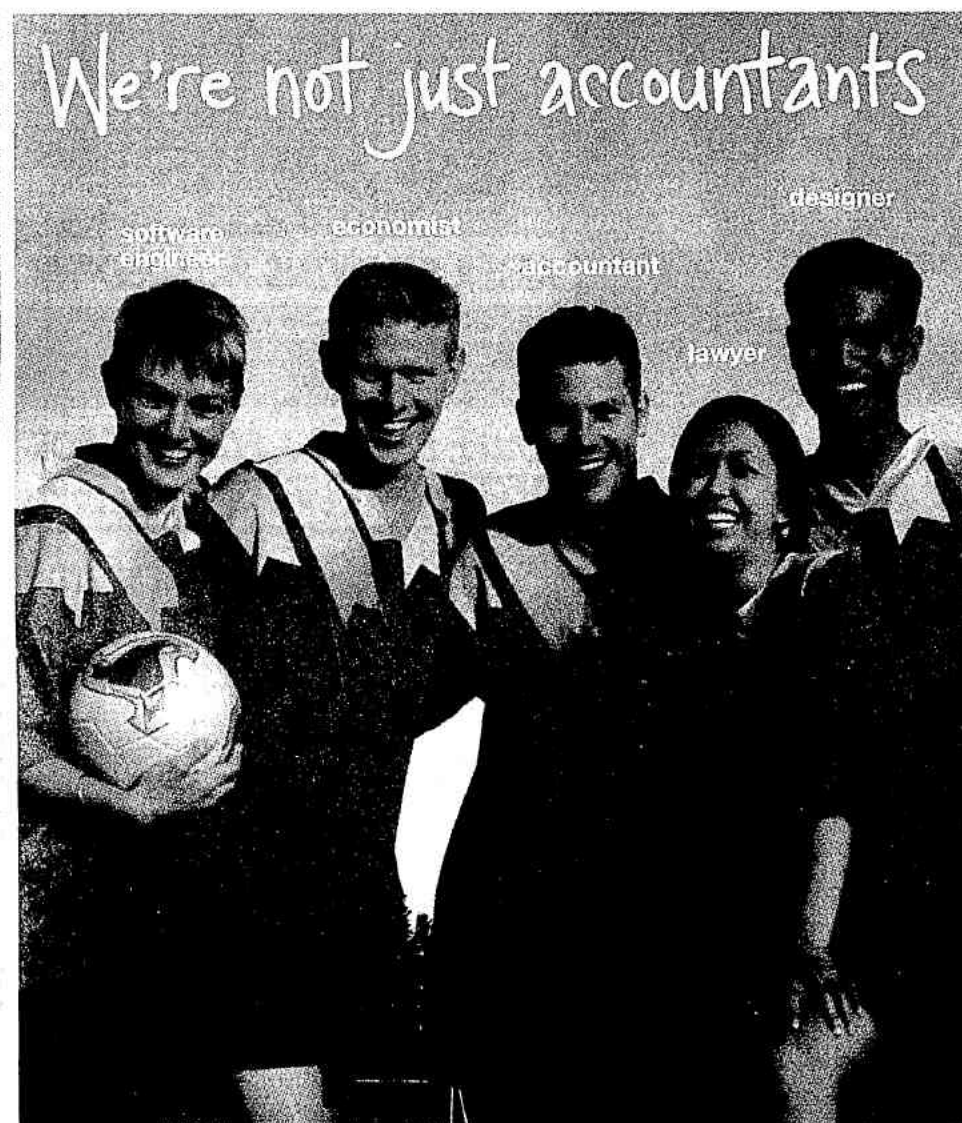
In addition the ANU Careers Centre manages CareerHub, an electronic careers portal for ANU students. This interactive tool is used for advertising workshops and event, graduate recruitment as well as casual vacancies for those of you seeking casual work whilst you are at university.

For details of all Centre activities and programs, please check the Careers Centre web page at: <http://www.anu.edu.au/careers>; and stay in touch with us by using CareerHub regularly.

Drop in to the Centre or phone us on 61253593 to make an appointment. We are located in the J.B. Chifley Building (opposite The God's Café), Arts Centre Laneway, ANU

Best wishes for the year ahead. We look forward to assisting you where possible with your career management issues and recommend this publication to you as a useful resource in your preparation for employment. Good luck in your illustrious careers!

Kate Gemmell  
Director  
Careers Centre  
Australian National University



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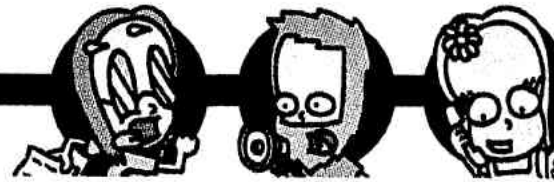
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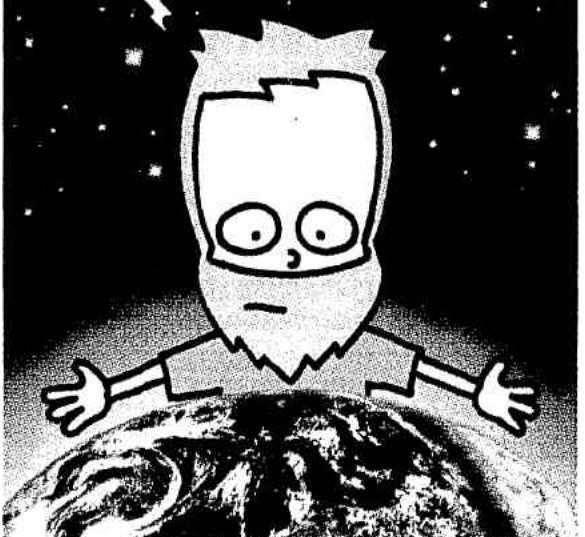
STUDYING LAW IS COSTING ME AN ABSOLUTE FORTUNE!



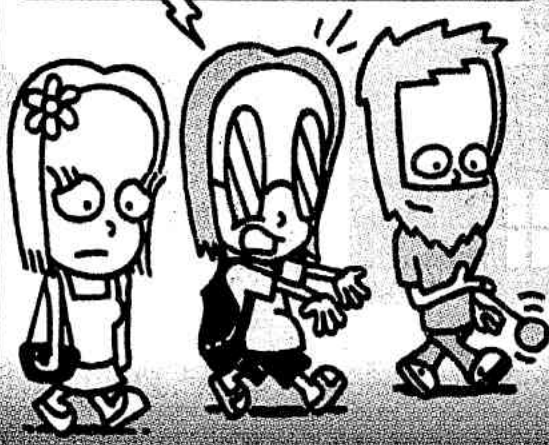
STUDYING ARTS IS COSTING ME A FORTUNE... & I'LL PROBABLY WIND UP FLIPPING BURGERS...



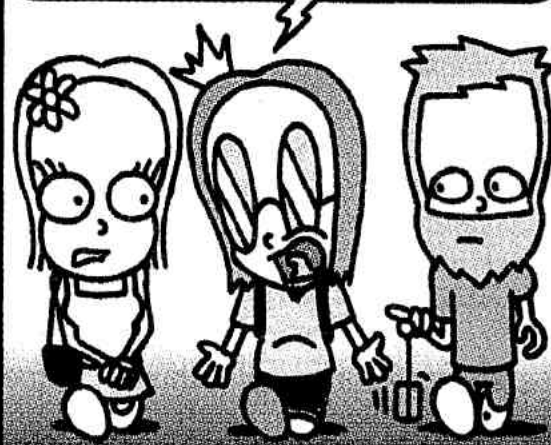
I CAN'T WORK IN MOST JOBS... I REALISE HOW UNETHICAL THEY ARE...



SO WHAT, SALLY? YOU'LL END UP BEING A LAWYER...



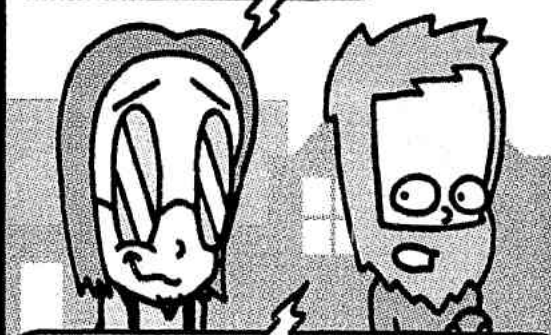
AT LEAST YOU'RE PAYING FOR INCREASED JOB PROSPECTS!!



SIGH... I WON'T EVEN HAVE THAT OPTION...

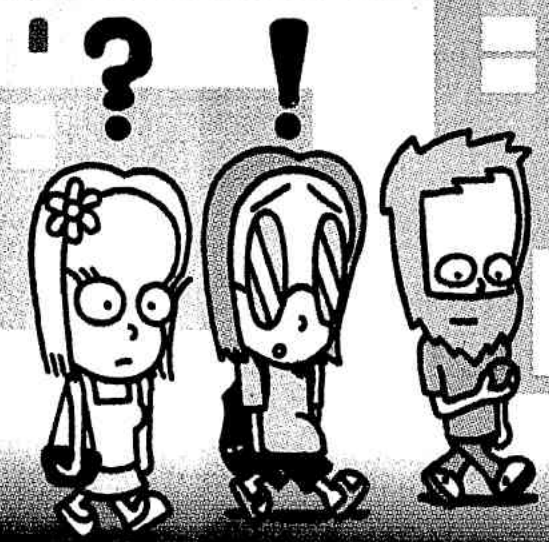
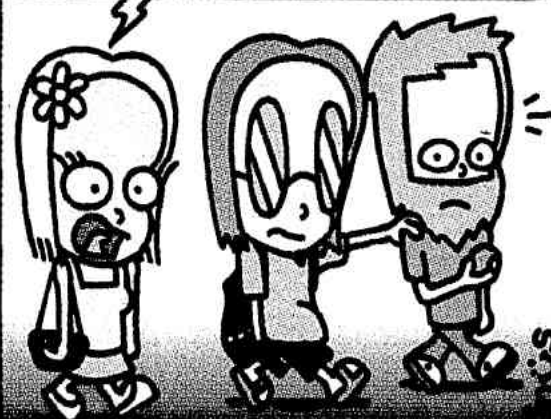


C'MON MARCUS... ARTS/SCIENCE OPENS MORE DOORS THAN STRAIGHT ARTS...



AFTER STUDYING PHILOSOPHY

YOU'RE PAYING A FORTUNE FOR DECREASED JOB PROSPECTS?!



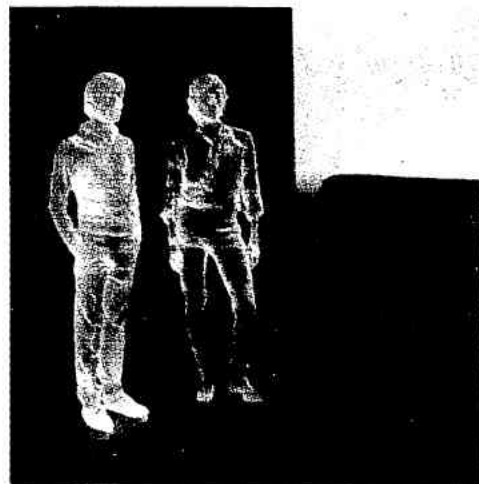


It's fun to find a lot of things go to it!

Music  
Film  
Books  
What's On

WORON

# MUSIC.



## Air Pocket Symphony (Virgin Records)

Look out dinner parties, Air have cracked out another one – and yes, like most of their recent albums, it's good, and it's different. Actually, they might even lose fans because of Pocket Symphony, because there are really none of the big pop tunes that drew people to them in the first place. Talkie Walkie was full of them. Moon Safari had a few, as did 10,000Hz Legend. Not this one, though. No, instead of the big '70s synth hits, we have light guitars, piano, and even some Japanese harps.

It's a beautiful album - the Nigel Godrich-led production is restrained, clean, and quiet. There are 4 solely instrumental tracks on the album, but even the songs with vocals are stripped back and lyrics seem to be mostly a secondary concern. There are a few absolutely cracking tracks ('Left Bank', 'Once Upon a Time', 'Mer du Japon'), and for the most part the album's thoroughly enjoyable.

The sound's great, and has obviously been arranged meticulously. Pocket Symphony is a lovely place to be, and I'm writing this after listening to the album on repeat, not for the first time. However, there's not a huge amount that's new here in terms of songwriting, and even some of the more interesting numbers on this album feel a little thin: same old chord progressions, the same guitars, the same bass lines. 'How does it make you feel?' Air once asked. Well, to be honest, it makes me feel like more could have been done with this album. And that's a sad thing, because there are some great ideas here.

Charles Prestidge-King



## !!! Myth Takes (Warp Records)

There's always been something a wee bit du jour about the whole dance-punk phenomenon. It feels like someone's having a laugh, and making a bundle, while kids in tight jeans pay far too much to dance badly on sticky floors from here to, well, anywhere.

The problem is when a band does it well, as !!! (mystifyingly pronounced chk-chk-chk) have done here. There's a lot that's good. The title track slams home 2 and a half minutes of big, dirty basslines, gnarled little chak-a-chak guitars, busy drums, and murmuring vocals. It's a great intro, and, you'd hope, a disrillation to what's to come.

But it's not. At their best moments, !!! are reminiscent of Talking Heads – angular, polyrhythmic, and very listenable. The problem is consistency: there's some quality stuff here, but the big singles are mostly, well, pretty ordinary. 'Must be the Moon' is a wasted opportunity. Even with a killer chorus hook, 'Sweet Life' proves that singer Nic Offer probably shouldn't have left his day job, and 'Heart of Hearts' is a half-written song half-played. It also sounds, uncannily, like a crap cover of a Nine Inch Nails song. Gradually, though, the album finds its feet. The last few tracks on the album are the best bit of the release. Starting with the '80s-inspired and excellent 'Yadnus', the run of four and five songs at the end is really what the whole album should have been: fun, thoughtful, promising.

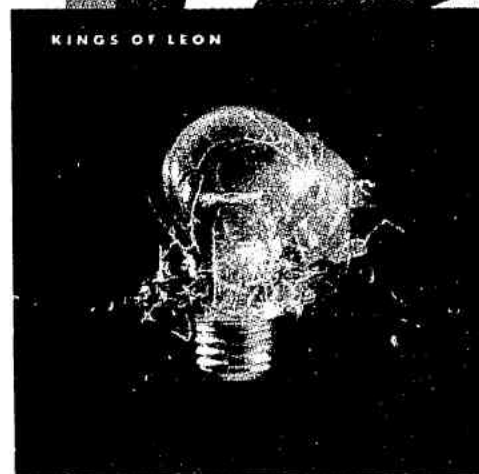
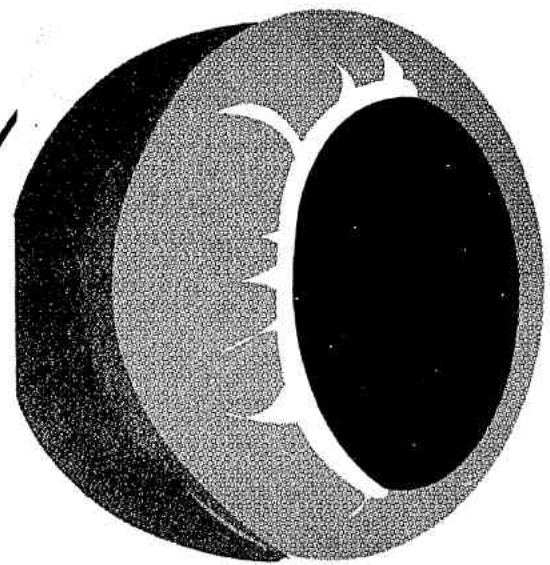
All old though, fans of the band won't give a damn about what I or anyone else has to say about the album: even with these setbacks, this is the kind of album that's going to keep people dancing, even if that dancing involves naff overhead clapping and the occasional hipshake.

Heaps of fun, and three thumbs.

Charles Prestidge-King

ADULT  
CONTENT

[GREATEST HITS]



## The Notorious B.I.G.

Greatest Hits  
(Bad Boy/Warner)

You know how it is: you'll be, all, rolling along with your number-one homie and a whole bag o' cheese when some gansta comes along and busts a cap in your ass – you croak it, while your former homie fucks off to a make a Police-sampled tribute single. Fast-forward a few years and the little shit is pissing all over your legacy – and being paid handsomely to do so. This scenario has happened too many times, and I'm sad to say it's happened again on The Notorious B.I.G.'s Greatest Hits.

Somehow Biggie's old buddy Diddy (formerly P. Diddy and before that Puff Daddy), the project's executive producer, has cocked-up one of the most impressive catalogues in hip-hop. How? you might ask. Well, Diddy's first move is to include a bunch of guest-heavy material from the last two posthumous and only nominally B.I.G. releases. His second move, and it's a knockout, is to leave out his biggest hit, 'Mo Money Mo Problems', dropped along with 'Sky's the Limit' and 'Party & Bullshit'. What a douche! (And I bet he's planning a Greatest Hits: volume 2 similarly padded with lacklustre guest material.)

But all Diddy-whinging aside, at least ten of these seventeen tracks are smoking and the others aren't awful. But when it comes to Biggie Smalls, you expect more. He was the illest.

Will Glasgow



## Kings of Leon

Because of the Times  
Sony/BMG

Somewhere between Aha Shake Heart Break and Beacuse of the Times, the band that was once my favourite redneck answer to the Strokes has dissolved into a sort of pseudo grunge experimental crud heap, trying to employ the sort of wall-of-sound tactics typical of Exile era Stones, rather than the somewhat simpler loud noises of their first two albums. Don't get me wrong, I like Exile era Stones, but the Kings don't do it well enough to justify the change from their usual roarin' tootin' style.

Old school Kings is still there, but listening to this album, you get the impression they've been listening to other people's music too much... a bit of Led Zep maybe comes through in Call Me, some sort of drug-fucked Men at Work reggae in Ragoo, even maybe a bit of Dr Who in My Party. Sadly, the pretty sounds and backing vocals over-ride the rough guitar, chunky bass and incomprehensible vocals that made the Kings a success.

I hesitate to use such a cliché as "sell-out", because that's not what it is... Rather, like the White Stripes and Ben Harper before them, the Kings have fallen victim to over-production, complication and self-indulgence and forgotten the simple beauty of their beginnings. Why sacrifice one of the most distinctive sounds to come out of the early 2000s to generate the same old experimental lah-di-dah bullshit? I'm all for a return to Youth and Young Manhood, because when the Kings grew up they lost their charm.

*Ed – I hate editorial intrusion as much as the next kid – but Mr. Fisher, you a foo'. This album rocks and you people should all go buy it.*

WORON



Sunshine

## Das Leben Der Anderen (The Lives of Others)



With Martin Scorsese winning an Oscar at the last Academy Awards, the race is on to find the new "best director not to have won an Oscar". Danny Boyle is one of the names being tossed up among internet fan-boys, and I must say I agree. Five years after mixing it up with flesh-eating zombies (28 Days Later...) and two years after pulling the proverbial heart-strings with the under-rated Millions, Boyle has turned his attention to the science-fiction disaster movie. And he's done a superb job with Sunshine, an unusually intelligent film that keeps thinking all the way to the end. It's as smart as Armageddon is stupid.

The plot of Sunshine sounds ridiculous, but Boyle and long-time screenwriting partner Alex Garland cover their scientific bases as much as they need to: in 2057, the Earth's sun is dying after a collision with "Dark Matter", and a team of scientists are sent to its surface on a ship called "Icarus II" to explode a massive bomb, reigniting it. In what must be a nod to the planet's shifting balance of power, most of the crew is of Asian descent – just one example of the remarkable attention detail present in the script.

Special effects can detract from a movie or strengthen it. Boyle knows how to use them. He succeeds in portraying the sun as a thing of humbling wonder, reminding us constantly of the fragility of humanity in the face of nature. He also cleverly goes against many Hollywood standards of this genre, and in these days of remakes and sequels, there's nothing more refreshing than a talented subversive.

The film almost slips up in the last act, with a twist that is the least satisfying element of the movie. The final twenty minutes make up for the earlier error, in a climax that is beautiful, emotional and kind of awesome. Sunshine doesn't have a wide distribution, but it's worth seeking out – it's a terrific film.

Sunshine will be screening at the ANU film group Saturday, June 30

Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck may not have the catchiest name for a film director, but what he has achieved in The Lives of Others will hopefully launch an illustrious career. The film won the Best Foreign Language Picture at the Oscars this year, usurping the overwhelming favourite Pan's Labyrinth. Pan's Labyrinth is a great movie and I loved every minute of it, but I can say categorically that The Lives of Others deserved the Oscar. When watching The Lives of Others, you may get the feeling that it's watching you.

Set in 1984, the film revolves around Gerd Weisler (Ulrich Mühe), a respected, by-the-book, cold-hearted member of the Stasi. He's one of the best interrogators in the business, and the film begins by showing us the clinical and harsh manner in which he can ascertain whether or not a suspect is lying. He is chosen to head up a surveillance of German playwright Georg Dreyman (Sebastian Koch) and his girlfriend, the beautiful Crista Maria (Martina Gedeck). While Dreyman is the nation's best non-subversive author, Weisler's superior Grubitz (Ulrich Tukur) believes he may be hiding something.

Weisler goes into the mission with his typical detachment, but eventually becomes more involved in the lives of the couple he is interrogating, and eventually uses his position to prevent the couple from making decisions that could adversely affect their future. Von Donnersmarck uses subtlety and deftness of hand in showing us this transformation, and Mühe is astonishing as Weisler. In one instance he's terrifying, and then the next pathetic and piteous. Von Donnersmarck doesn't patronise the audience; characters take certain actions that aren't explained outright, and their implications are offered but not insisted upon.

Some of the best dramas in history convey character transformations, and it's rather rare to see a bad man become better, instead of the other way around. The Lives of Others may depict one of the darkest periods of Germany's history, but as a film it represents contemporary German cinema's finest hour.

# 300 vs MEGAN



Jonathan Fisher

If you switch off your brain, convince yourself that ancient warriors fought without armour, and that they battled rhinoceroses and giant elephants, you might enjoy 300. Most people will know whether this movie is for them or not. For those of you with your minds already firmly made up – what are you still doing here? Go read my review of *The Lives of Others*.

Zack Snyder (who brought us the better-than-expected *Dawn of the Dead* remake) directs the film, based upon Frank Miller's (of *Sin City* fame) graphic novel about the Battle of Thermopylae in 480 B.C. It was a time when men were men, women were women, and the men lusted after the women, but spent all their time killing other men. When the men in the film aren't slaughtering Persians, they're giving melodramatic speeches on the glory of slaughter. This is *Fight Club* with quadruple the testosterone.

The film isn't profound, but it's not trying to be. I'm very surprised that people have been criticising it for being "American propaganda". Who are the Americans in this, the Spartans or the Persians? The Spartans could be America, having their freedom "attacked", but Bush could also be compared to the power-hungry, wannabe-God Xerxes. It's all hogwash; the reason the film has been so successful is because once in a while, people want a

thoughtless, action-packed, blood-and-guts-strewn-everywhere kind of affair. It succeeds on that level, and from me, it gets one tentative bloody, gruesome, dismembered thumb pointed skyward.

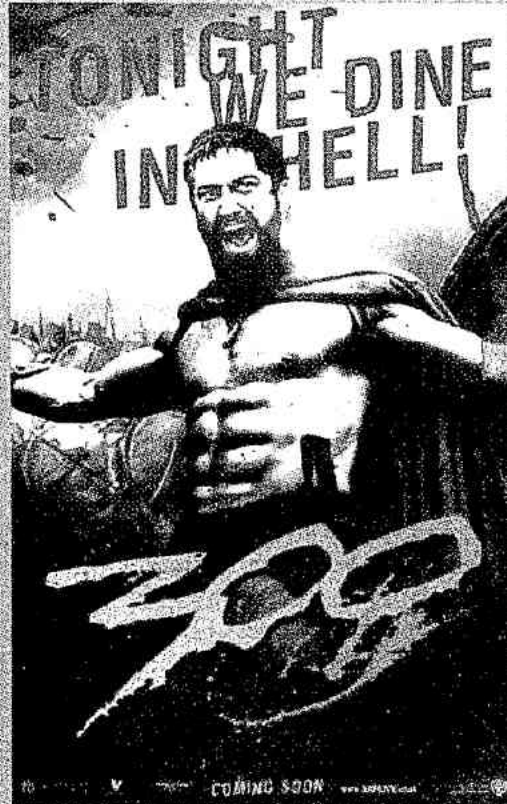
Megan McKeough

300 looks good. It looks really good. I'm talking about the colours, the scenery composition and the astounding quality of the CGI landscapes. I could also be talking about the constantly rippling, oiled-up torsos of the half-naked men, but you can choose what you go to see 300 for.

300 is like one long cinematic video game, with 'bosses' charging the Spartans wave after wave, and each Spartan majestically managing to avoid injury while slaughtering about ten enemy warriors in a single bound. Director Snyder loves his jerky, freeze-frame battle scenes and blood arcing through the air, and this film provides plenty of both with relish.

Forget the weird, inconsistent accents and the fact that the King pulls an apple seemingly out of nowhere after the first battle. Forget that without special effects and Miller's graphic novel panels composing all the good shots, this film would be crap. Maybe the music is corny, cringe-worthy and the plot ridiculous. But there are swords, man, and blood and stuff. You know what you're getting when you see 300. It's bad, but it's the kind of bad that looks pretty darn cool.

*300 will be screening at ANU film group  
Thursday, June 14*





## VAN SANT ALSO DOESN'T SEEM TO REALISE THAT HIS FILM IS ABOUT AS CREATIVE AND OFFENSIVE AS REPRINTING AN ENTIRE BOOK WORD FOR WORD, BUT CHANGING THE FONT AND SLAPPING YOUR NAME ON THE COVER AS AUTHOR.

By Megan McKeough

In this world where energy drinks and Myspace rule, attention spans are shorter but films are longer, downloads are rising but cinema seats are cosier. Hollywood is saturating our screens with film adaptations of almost everything: graphic novels (300, Sin City, V for Vendetta), cartoons (Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, The Simpsons, Transformers [Michael Bay?!]), comic books (Spiderman, Superman, X-Men) and historical biographies (Miss Potter, Becoming Jane, Marie Antoinette). However the most appalling cinema tradition to pick up speed the last decade or so is definitely the remake, where nothing is sacred.

A perfect example of what a bad idea the remake can be is Gus Van Sant's shot-by-shot remake of Alfred Hitchcock's cinematic classic Psycho. A completely ridiculous notion, Van Sant's 'adaptation' of Psycho does nothing except make him look like an idiot. Van Sant also doesn't seem to realise that his film is about as creative and offensive as reprinting an entire book word for word, but changing the font and slapping your name on the cover as author. As well as insulting Hitchcock lovers everywhere, the project is obviously Van Sant having a big cinematic wank and hoping that critics find his lame efforts relevant.

Other classic works to have their names soiled by the remake include Lolita, Adrian Lyne's version of which is entirely forgettable (apparently he felt Kubrick's adaptation was lacking in some way). Does anyone even remember watching the 1995 version of Sabrina? Even heard of the remake of Rear Window starring Christopher Reeves? Did you even know City of Angels is an insulting American adaptation of the German film Wings of Desire? It is also a complete waste of film, barely held together by a catchy pop song and further demonstrating Nicholas Cage's ineptitude at performing dramatic roles. Some films are such mindless adaptations that audiences don't even realise they're remakes, such as Guess Who, The Shaggy Dog, and Fun With Dick and Jane.

Horror films are easy remake targets, after the application of dark lighting, expensive special effects and some young thing's breasts (Texas Chainsaw Massacre, House of Wax). Mostly these remakes just take up space in cinemas - The Amityville Horror, The Haunting, The Omen 666 and The Fog for example. Japanese horror films are best at being creepy and ominous, but the Hollywood adaptations merely showcase Sarah Michelle Gellar's dead-pan attempt at 'terror',

as displayed in The Grudge. As the first of many, The Ring was a more than adequate remake, but it is common knowledge that most of these adaptations (Pulse, The Host) are pale versions of their originals. Somehow, Japanese horror films make the implausible aspects of the plot seem irrelevant in the presence of such strong imagery, whereas their American counterparts somehow manage to exacerbate these logic holes with blinding clarity.

Old films can also be jump-started into remakes with some swift and clever product placement - the remake of The Italian Job was less an exercise in creativity than a long advertisement for the New Mini Cooper. Television show remakes are not much better - Miami Vice, Lost in Space, The Mod Squad, The Avengers and Starsky and Hutch didn't enhance the landscape of cinema to any degree, and the appalling Bewitched isn't much more than a black mark on Nicole Kidman's filmography, as is the dim-witted 2004 The Stepford Wives which manages to miss the point of the original entirely.

2004's Alfie was a glossy, pretty version of the original Michael Caine feature, complete with a suave Jude Law - but the story is rendered almost pointless in a contemporary context and the film is a vapid interpretation at best. Poseidon is a floundering, pathetic wreck of a remake of The Poseidon Adventure, and Steve Martin's The Pink Panther is barely worth mentioning here, since that would grant it some form of credibility and that film is surely one big joke that we just haven't gotten yet.

King Kong, though Peter Jackson doesn't seem to understand appropriate movie lengths for one's bladder, is an enjoyable remake of the original which doesn't manage to insult anyone too much (if you don't count casting Jack Black). On that note, The Producers is a shinier version of the Mel Brooks classic, just as fun and just as offensive, but one then wonders, well what's the point? Vanilla Sky does it's best as an adaptation of the original Spanish feature Open Your Eyes, and Penelope Cruz is the only actress to ever reprise a role in a remake.

So in general, the remake is a road that should be less travelled. Understandably the task is difficult - there's a fine line between mindlessly repeating the original and enhancing nothing, and messing with something too much and insulting audiences, filmmakers and critics alike. At best, most remakes are forgettable, pointless and irrelevant. At worst, they can be appalling exercises in creative abuse. One can only hope that there will never be an Apocalypse Now Redone or a shot by shot Vertigo, but who knows in Hollywood.

**Night**  
by Elizabeth Beaton

and there's another night  
gone out  
slipping between door  
and floor  
shakerattling the shut-  
ters, hurling  
itself along alleys and  
under eaves  
stirring husks of burnt-  
out leaves  
arachnid corpses, conju-  
gal dreams  
that whisper and jostle in  
the space between  
the passageways of dark  
streetlamps shed an  
angry coat  
of orange-rotten pallid  
rays  
coagulated lamplight  
plays  
on seven, six and eight  
o'clock  
a wizened figure mas-  
querades  
with each bent, weighted,  
drummed-out step  
a seller plumbs an empty  
depth  
of isolated street

**Sleep**  
by Julian Fleetwood

I would be throwing life  
away.

That's what I think at  
three forty four am when  
the soft pillow is whisper  
ing my name and my  
eyes  
are heavy and hollow -  
the words come so quick  
and I write much  
much too slow.  
I can imagine myself  
dreaming  
seeing so much more:  
more than I can possibly  
write in a lifetime.

But coloured pictures  
will invariably trickle  
away with the creeping  
sun.

So why waste time  
when plump and juicy  
sentences flow sweeten  
true onto the page when  
silence is so pure I can  
hear the hum of my  
brain.

All the colour I need  
is in  
white of paper  
black of ink, coffee-  
just mix together  
and eke out  
some  
life.

at 3.44 am  
nails are tearing in  
to the bleeding edge of  
my consciousness  
gradually, letter by letter,  
I am etching into my  
tabulaflesh  
the words of a poem  
called

sleep

**Names**  
by Michael Klapdor

The hand clutched the earth and would never let go.  
I saw it as we kissed for the first time. Her eyes were still closed as I pulled away;  
wiping the excess saliva with one hand and running the other down her cheek. I  
pulled her close.  
I saw his hand first, stretched out of the grass, white streaked blue and dug into the  
dirt.  
I saw his eyes next, clear now. Not watching us but looking.  
I didn't learn anything that day. About life or death.  
The police asked a lot of questions, dredging a memory of that quick kiss on the  
river-bank behind the oval.

"Did you move him?"

"Did you know him?"

"What were you doing here?"

"When was the last time you saw him alive?"

They scribbled in their notebooks, nodding.  
The last time I saw him alive was the same as all the other times. He would  
come into work and stride up and down the aisles. He never bought anything or  
responded to my greetings. He didn't even glance at the shelves or the fluorescent  
display cabinets. I would watch him as I manoeuvred box-laden trolleys; would try  
and meet his gaze and smile. His eyes burned black in a world far away from the  
yoghurt fridges which hummed around us.  
She had led me down to the river after fifth period. We'd been chatting at the bus  
stop and passing notes for a couple weeks. For once the rocks were deserted. Kids  
would come to this spot, where the jagged, black rocks of the levee gave way to  
natural boulders, to sprawl, smoke, or float out to the current and let it carry them  
round the bend to the main swimming area. At night they'd smoke bongos or pass  
round goon bags. The old drunks tended to stay down near the beach or the bridge.  
We chatted the whole time as we clambered down to the water, teasing and calling  
each other names. She was easy to talk to and would digress endlessly so that a  
conversation would never reach its end. Our lips touched mid-sentence.  
I called him 'The Walker'. Since I had first seen him, all I had known was his slow  
and unhurried stride. I began to notice him on the main street as I made my way  
home from school each day. I hurried from the heat, he moved on only from the last  
step.

I saw his feet last. His shoes were gone, his socks damp.

In the months that he marched up and down our streets and aisles and paths, only  
one thing changed: his shoes. The wrinkled brown gave way to a polished black. I  
noticed the sound of them resounding rather than been absorbed by the concrete.

Everyone I knew had a story about what was wrong with him, about what he  
got up to. One of my friends called him 'The Mexican' and suggested that his brain  
had fried from too much peyote. Another claimed to have seen him eating birds  
in the park. His presence in our streets, his quiet shuffling past the café where we  
drank coffee or along the crossing at the lights, demanded some explanation. His  
muteness was a challenge; it drove a need to give voice to him, to ventriloquise. My  
sister told me that she was in his daughter's class. That he had been tortured in the  
country where they had come from. When I saw him next, pacing the supermarket,  
I was terrified by his silence. All I knew was that there was nothing that could fill it.  
All I could hear was the slap of cracked leather on polished floor.

Someone had attempted to cover him. He had been dropped in the long grass  
stretching around the twisted and fallen trunks of willow trees. You wouldn't have  
seen him from the path. His hand had been reaching towards the water. His legs  
were scissored, as if mid-stride, and his brown trousers were torn.

We had kissed on the water's edge, her eyes closed. The river and the birds flowed  
into the quiet left by our voices.

I saw the hand first, raising my eyes from her hair. It dug into the bank above where  
we held.

I saw the eyes next. Doused with white.

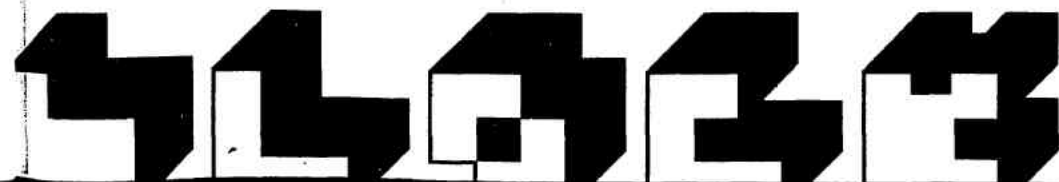
I saw the feet last. The wet socks.

I didn't tell the police that they were wet. I didn't tell them that I had touched him.

I placed his feet together.

I didn't learn anything that day. About life.

These contributions are  
from Block, the ANU's  
literary journal which is  
available to buy in the  
Co-op. If you would like  
to get involved with them  
send an email to:  
anuwriters@gmail.com



WORON

# Books (we)

44 COUPLED WITH MEETING ZHENGDAO, READING THIS BOOK HAS TRULY AND HONESTLY REMINDED ME THAT I NEED TO RE-IMMERSE MYSELF IN FRENCH IN ORDER TO 'FIND MYSELF'. PARIS, HERE I COME!

What is it like to live between languages? To find out **Emma Butcher** caught up with Zhengdao Ye, one of the authors of a new book on the topic.

Languages are more than words, they are worlds. In this fascinating collection of personal reflections from academics and writers now living in Australia, multilingualism emerges as an important source of knowledge and richness that can be the cause for tension if it is not properly appreciated and understood.

Anna Wierzbicka, Professor of Linguistics at this university, and her daughter Mary Besemer, Research Fellow at Curtin University, offer a refreshing, diverse and palatable feast that extends far beyond the shelves of academia and into the very real lives and homes of 12 contributors, including themselves.

Language, culture and identity are by no means static; bilingual people are 'hybrids'. The editors assert in their introduction, they [the contributors] are certainly not passive inheritors of different linguistic and cultural backgrounds: above all, they are 'self-translators' who undergo the process of translating one's life and oneself from one linguistic world into another. They show the pain of such self-translation, and also its rewards.

From these stories it becomes clear that living between languages and cultures can be an alienating and difficult process as much as it can be fruitful and enjoyable.

Contributors were asked to discuss, amongst other things, the place of language in their life; the question of whether it is possible to express the same sorts of thoughts and feelings in their different languages; whether they find themselves interacting with people in a different way depending on the language they are using; and what it is like living with several languages in an environment when many people know only English.

Zhengdao (Veronica) Ye is the author of a chapter in *Translating Lives* titled 'Returning to my mother tongue: Veronica's journey continues'. She is currently a PhD candidate here at the ANU, as well as a lecturer in Cross-Cultural Communication. I spoke with her about her personal experience of living between Shanghaiese, Mandarin and English.

Zhengdao has only come to appreciate the importance of her mother tongue since migrating from China: 'I've been here for 10 years, and it's only more recently, in the last 5 years, that I feel this sense of going back to mother tongue more strong[ly]'

As we chat over breakfast, Zhengdao explains, '[...] there are many experiences [that] when in you're in your

own place they're just so invisible to you, you just take them for granted, because there's no need for you to ever think about it. The language you speak everyday – you don't feel its effect on you until you're away from it. [...] When I go back to China, I feel the impact of it. Because language carries force, meaning.'

I ask if she thought migrants gradually forgot their mother tongue over time, but Zhengdao disagreed: 'I think a mother tongue is something you really can't forget because it's one of the first things that connects you to the outside world, [...] maybe it's very deep there [...].'

Being bilingual is a different experience for everyone. Zhengdao exudes an enthusiasm for Shanghaiese that would not be present amongst migrants whose pasts are marked by traumatic experiences. These people refuse to speak their mother tongue because it conjures up bad memories.

Despite her positive attitude, Zhengdao points out some of the difficulties of being a migrant in a country where a different language is spoken: 'once they're in a new place, their past is basically unknown, if not wiped out, and they have to start [again], it's just like a whole memory is unknown to the people around [...]. The past experiences and memories that are important to the migrant, are completely foreign to those who do not speak his/her language.'

The mother tongue is important precisely because it is connected to memories, place and is thus crucially wound up with one's identity: 'The only way for a migrant to access their past, the very important experiences, is through language, that language that connects them, transcending time and space. [...] By speaking your own language as you're in a new place you actually can relive that past [...] to have a coherent sense of self, otherwise you feel very distorted.'

When talking of her relationship with her Australian husband, she shares, 'I always found it so funny when my husband would email me and say 'thank you' for something I did, and I thought 'wow'. That's very normal from an Anglo point of view [...] I understand, we also make fun of it, because I tell him he treats me like an outsider but still it's difficult sometimes [...] it distances your relationship.'

Cultural differences can cause tension in relationships due to misunderstanding of the intended meaning or emotion. Migrants can be speaking different forms of English: through different cultural lenses, ways of thinking and assumptions. They can be thinking in one language but have to speak in another, hence the book's title 'translating lives'.

'When we communicate we have to have a shared language. Nowadays and in reality, either internationally or in Australia-

# in translation

Translating Lives  
Eds. Mary Besemeres & Anna Wierzbicka.  
(University of Queensland Press)

lia, English is the dominant language, but that does not mean that everyone follows the same rules. To have a better understanding of languages cross-culturally is important [...]

This is a major theme of the book, touched on by most authors. Interestingly, Zhengdao emphasizes the responsibility of the migrant to adapt, and the fact that they are in the better position to understand the cultural differences. Nonetheless she acknowledges, at the same time also I think it's important for the mainstream to be aware of the situation, be aware that there are diverse cultures [...] make them aware that their way of doing things is not the general norm for everybody [...] so that people can live with each other in a much better way and appreciate each other's differences.'

By the time we had to bring an end to the conversation, we were both running late for lectures, and Zhengdao's breakfast had grown cold. We found that, being both multilingual, we had many experiences and insights to share. (My mother is French and spoke French to me when I was little, though we speak it rather rarely and irregularly now.)

For the first time, I became aware of how being bilingual was an intrinsic part of my identity. I was left hungry to find out more. *Translating Lives* turned out to be the perfect start!

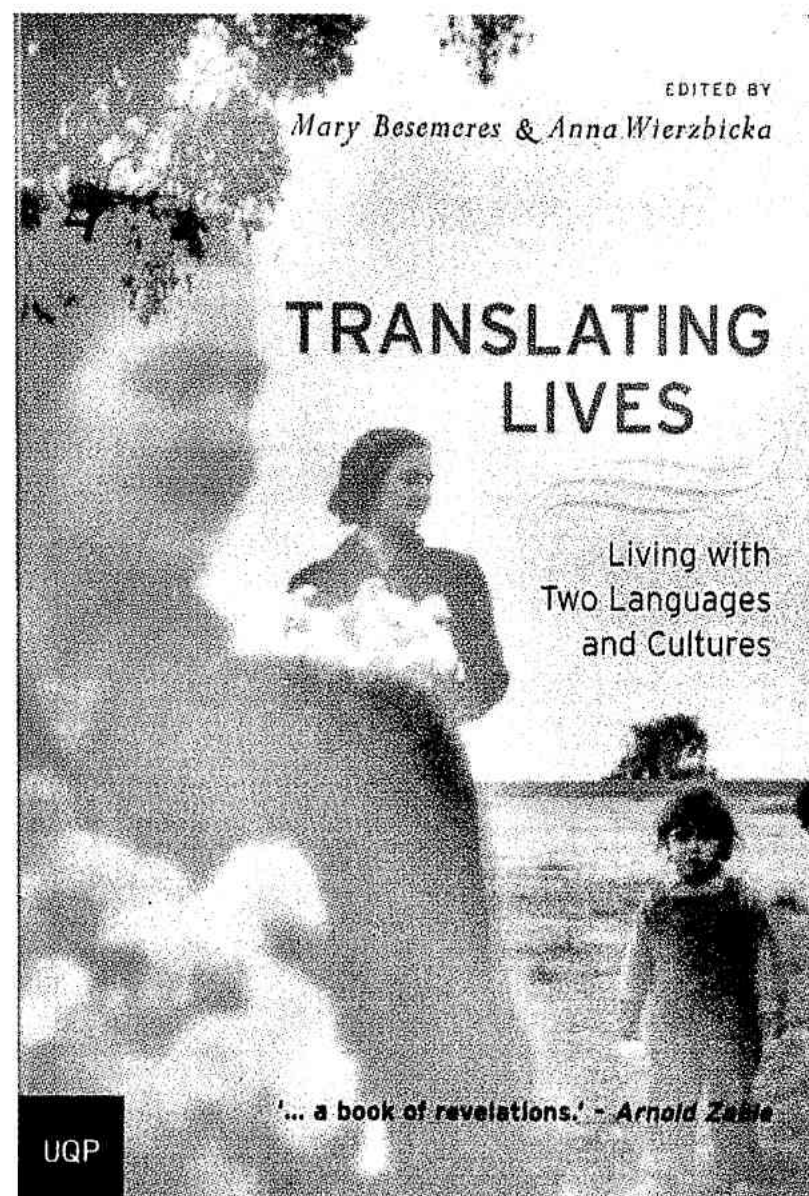
Coupled with meeting Zhengdao, reading this book has truly and honestly reminded me that I need to re-immers myself in French in order to 'find myself'. Paris, here I come!

I strongly recommend this book to all Australians, bilingual and monolingual. The former will amuse themselves with the stories with which they will be able to identify; the latter will be shown a glimpse of a world that is largely unknown to them. Also, this book might be of interest to those students learning languages at university.

More than for individuals, this book is relevant for multicultural Australian society, and a globalised world, where multilingualism is a very real phenomenon. At a time when English is being heralded as the global language, this is coming at the detriment of other languages.

This raises important questions, for example, of whether those in minority language groups are marginalized by society. Michael Clyne is not alone in accusing our media, government and education system of misunderstanding and therefore mistreating bilinguals.

Arnold Zable writes, '*Translating Lives* is a book of revelations. It is a journey through an Australia composed of a multiplicity of languages and, therefore, many inner worlds. [...] Through embracing, nurturing and retrieving its many languages and linguistic hybrids, Australia can be re-imagined and transformed into a nation of countless dreamings.'



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ARTS AND CULTURE

# IN OUR PAGES 2004

**The Australian Newspaper – Friday July 30**  
Editor in Chief Chris Mitchell  
Review by Adam Homsey

This 12,392<sup>nd</sup> Edition of the popular broadsheet is, perhaps not surprisingly, rather similar in genre to many of Editor in Chief Chris Mitchell's previous issues. While this formula has served the newspaper well in the past, the format may be becoming a little monotonous.

The Australian begins with a dramatised insight to what's inside; "Saints and Sinners: The Best and Worst Australians and some who cross the divide." This is below a writing of the date, which is useful for those who sometimes forget it. In this particular issue, the date was Friday July 30.

The rest of the front page of *The Australian* was composed of headlines of differing thickness and voracity, pictures and short articles, 5 in all. The way in which most of the articles were continued on later pages was a clever tactic to keep the reader turning the pages, and is reminiscent of other classics such as the *Trading Post*.

The predominant storyline on the front page, "PM fears for athletes' safety", was written in an informative, objective manner, but with little character development. The character of John Howard, in particular, I felt could have been a little more outgoing so we really had an understanding of him.

The secondary storylines were also engaging, particularly the one about the Queensland Crime and Misconduct Commission, who is "investigating corruption claims in the state's troubled racing industry" after it was revealed that paperwork had been altered, although John was strangely absent from much of that saga.

From the first chapter, *The Australian – Friday July 30* diverges on many paths, with graphs, maps and a wide range of twists to keep the reader interested. The 10-page section entitled share prices was a bit stale, though.

Apart from that, about the only criticism I'd have of *The Australian* is that its broad size makes it difficult to read, and that there seemed to be an inordinate number of advertisements for a written work. But if Chris Mitchell can keep these problems at bay, the unresolved issues in *The Australian – Friday July 30* have left the way open for a much-anticipated sequel, and possible other works of a similar genre. \*\*\*\*



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